

No Paper has become popular so quickly as this. **WHY? Buy it and see.**

£100
YEARLY
FOR SOME
ENGAGED
COUPLE.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

HOW
WAX
FIGURES
ARE
MADE.

See page 491

VOL. I.—No. 31.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING FEB. 21, 1891.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



SUN LIFE SALT REGAL

OFFICE
FOR ASSURANCES

"UNDER COST PRICE"

APPLY FOR NEW PROSPECTUS AT THE
Chief Office, 63, Threadneedle St., London, E.C.
HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS, General Manager.



This marvellous Plaster acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy. A trial of a small box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.

The following is one out of the many testimonials received:
"London Hospital, Whitechapel Road.
"Gentlemen,—Please send me another box of your Corn Plaster, as I must say that I have been wonderfully benefited by it. I had suffered for years with painful Bunions on the great toe joints, but for six months before I wrote to you it was one long agony. After a month's application of your plaster I am now quite free from pain, can walk comfortably, and wear my usual boots and shoes. I can also speak very highly of your Anodyne Cooling Lotion for allaying the inflammation of Corns and Bunions.—Yours truly,
"M. A. RANSON.
"To Messrs. Beetham & Son."

BOXES, 1s. 1½d., BY ALL CHEMISTS.

FREE FOR 14 STAMPS BY THE PROPRIETORS.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

LIEUT.-COL. HUGH BAMBER, 40, HANLEY SQUARE, MARGATE, says:—"I have now used the **Salt Regal** for two years. I have much pleasure in stating that I have found it the most agreeable in taste of all Salines, and a certain cure for bilious headache and furred tongue, from whatever cause arising."

It develops Ozone—the principle of life—will cleanse the mouth, clear the throat, and sweeten the breath, and corrects all impurities arising from errors in diet.

It prevents, and instantly relieves, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, ACIDITY, PALPITATION, &c.

Invaluable for BILIOUS HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, GENERAL DEBILITY, LASSITUDE, &c. Imparts New Life and Vigour to the System, maintains a clear healthy condition of the skin.

Bottles, 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Stores. If not procurable from the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the Manager, **SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL**, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.

SALT REGAL

Fry's

Pure

TO SECURE THIS
ARTICLE ASK FOR FRY'S
CONCENTRATED COCOA.

This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly soluble and easily digested. It makes a most delightful beverage for breakfast or supper.
48 PRIZE Diploma of Honour, Highest Award, Edinboro', 1890.
48 MEDALS.

Cocoa

DIPLOMA OF HONOUR (HIGHEST POSSIBLE AWARD) EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.

Price from

£4 4s.

10 % Discount for Cash

OR

ON HIRE 2/6 PER WEEK,

WITH

OPTION OF PURCHASE.

700,000 Singer's Machines Sold Annually.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

700,000 Singer's Machines Sold Annually.

CAUTION.—As all our Machines bear our Trade Name

"SINGER"

on the Arm, buy none without it.

INSTRUCTION FREE.

PRICE LIST GRATIS.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

MANAGEMENT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM: 39, FOSTER LANE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

AND 497 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertisement Department, "Pearson's Weekly," Sell's, 158, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Publishing and Editorial Offices:—Temple Chambers, London, E.C.



WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?
OUTRAGED NATURE.—She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.
THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.—In the political world Home Rule means negotiable ballast; "In the sanitary world it means in the whole metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable." England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid ("and which may be prevented").—CHADWICK.
PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE.
WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND, and the misery entailed, that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families.
HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBT. HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."
"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883."
The value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, proves it.
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.
CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. **SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.**
Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., By J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

SOMETHING QUITE NEW.



The Students Cigar Holder.
Handsomely Plated.

An entirely new way of smoking a cigar, simple and strong. The cigar does not require to be cut. Smokes cool and fragrant to the end. Selling in thousands. Sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for one shilling. DAVIS & CO., 32, Lord Street, Liverpool.
Trade Supplied.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B & C PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex (acquired or constitutional), Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in Boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World, or sent to any address for sixty stamps by the Makers, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

JOHNSON'S PATENT. THE PENDULIC.

Save your Hats by using this novel and useful device, contained in the hat, trifling in weight, and enabling the wearer to suspend his hat on any smooth surface without the aid of a peg, instantly fixed and easily removed. Send 10d. in stamps to H. C. Baggs, 99, Fratton St., Portsmouth. LIBERAL COMMISSION TO AGENTS.

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.



WHY spend years in learning the Piano by Music? when KITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of music to "vamp" accompaniments to thousands of songs (in all keys) and play dozens of pieces, waltzes, &c., by ear on the Piano, Harmonium, or American Organ in one week. Price, with Book of Songs and full instructions complete, post free, 1s. 8d. W. RITCHIE & Co., MAPLE ROAD, ANERLEY, LONDON, S.E. (Please state Journal.)

CURE OF DEAFNESS.

Noises in the Ears, Deafness after Scarlet Fever, Throat and Nervous Deafness, Giddiness, etc. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON will give advice, by post or consultation, free of cost, to any sufferer. Over 20 years' experience. Treatise, with Testimonials, post free, 6 stamps.—Address, Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, ALL WOOL.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suits, also Clan Tartans and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dresses, in the Newest and most fashionable Styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, &c., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT,
Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B.,
And thereby save two intermediate profits at least.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

IMPORTANT TO BORROWERS.

ADVANCES GRANTED PRIVATELY, FROM
£10 to £1,000,

to Ladies, Gentlemen, and Traders generally, upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE, or upon Mortgage of Furniture, Plant, Stock, &c., without removal; also upon Life Policies, Deeds, Reversions, &c., at FIVE PER CENT. For further particulars apply to the actual lender,
MR. A. EDWARDS, 46 and 47, Temple Chambers,
Temple Avenue, London, E.C.



No. 2. DON'T MISS THIS. No. 2. EASY LETTER COUNTING COMPETITION.
Prizes for All, a Sound Genuine Offer.
5 Chapters only. Prizes 257 Cash, and 60 Valuable Presents.

£50 Cash will be given to the person counting correctly the letter "T," both capital and small, in the five chapters of the Book of James (verses only), side references and headings not to be counted, use ordinary Bible, not revised edition. Ties will divide. Give number in each chapter and total of all 60 Handsome and Valuable Presents will be distributed amongst those who enter this competition. I do not say every competitor will get one of these FREE GIFTS, but I shall give 30 to the Ladies and 30 to the Gentlemen. Each person entering this competition must make an application for one of these presents, and ask for what you want. The articles given, and the names and addresses of the "LUCKY ONES," will be sent with result sheet to every competitor. I will also give £5 to the person sending most lists and fees. Get all your friends to join, collect their lists, and forward them to me (with your own name as collector) in one large envelope. £1 to the person sending most artistic list, and £1 for the nearest correct. Closes February 26th. Prizes and results sent week later. Send list, with name and address, 1s. 6d. Postal Order, and two penny stamps for results and list of new competitions, to WM. H. HUGHES, 5, London Road, C.M. Erley, Surrey. N.B.—This is a strictly genuine offer, all prizes guaranteed. Mention paper.

No. 7. Pearson's Weekly Competition. No. 7.

£50 for 1s.
Will be given to the person counting correctly the number of times the letter "E," occurs in the First 3 White Pages of this week's Pearson's Weekly. Count all "E's," large and small, wherever found. State the number of "E's" you find on each of the 3 pages, and total of all. Competition closes March 5th, and £50 sent to the winner four days later, March 9th. Entrance fee, P.O. 1s. or 14 stamps, and stamped addressed envelope for result. N.B.—If no one counts correct, the £50 will be given to the nearest; if, however, several send correct lists, the money will be equally divided. Address HENRY KINGSBLEY, Rackhamfield, Catton, Norwich. (This offer is to readers of this paper only.)

ECONOMIC FIRE OFFICE (Limited.)

Authorized Capital - £1,000,000
Subscribed Capital - 357,500
Paid-up Capital - 71,500
HEAD OFFICE: 26, OLD BROAD ST., LONDON, E.C.
Chairman: SAMPHSON S. LLOYD, Esq. (Director Lloyds' Bank, Limited.)

NOVEL BIBLICAL COMPETITION.

£200 may be given in some competition, but where do the winners benefit if it is divided into so many small sums. No limited amount is offered here, but my system of co-operative prize giving, is calculated to pay you better than them. Three-fourths or £6, of every £8 received, will positively be paid in Prizes to those counting correctly the letter "T" in the first twelve Chapters of the Book of Isaiah. Give number in each Chapter, and total of all. Entrance Fee 1s. P.O. or 13 stamps and 14d. for printed result. Closes February 24th. Results March 3rd. Address GEORGE PLAYLE, 20, School Street, Sudbury, Suffolk. This is a genuine offer. Open to all.

O'RIDGES' PATENT COOKED FOOD
Excels all others for Infants & Invalids.

HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY.

Root, and Branch, Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope.
P. W. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

DR. ROCK'S FEMALE PILLS.

The most Effectual and only Reliable. Nothing ever stands against them. Coated, tasteless, and QUITE HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE CONSTITUTION. 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. By post, under cover, 1d. extra. Of all chemists, or direct from the UNIVERSAL DRUG CO., 19 and 21, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

POST FREE! Invaluable Information, for either sex, sent on application. Address HIGSON, Box 39, North Street, Nottingham.

NOW READ THIS.

FOR 2s. 6d. I will send by Parcel Post FOUR quite new pastimes; they are alike suitable for all classes of persons, young or old, and schools. Amusing, interesting, edifying.

I will send Two for 1s. 6d.

Apply to the Inventor:
H. C. TUCKER,
44, Warwick Road, Banbury.

Earthenware

CRATES OF ASSORTED SECONDS, £2 each.
SPECIAL CRATES OF BEST USEFUL GOODS, £3 each.
JOB LOTS (SECONDS), packed in crates containing 50, 75, or 100 dozen articles, 10d. per dozen all round.

Write for lists.
EARL WORKS POTTERY CO.,
LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

PUZZLES AND PRIZES.

£20 Will be given to the Competitors sending in by March 10th, correct answer to following puzzle:—
Q. Which word in the Bible contains most of the letters of the Alphabet?
Enclose Postal order for 1s., and 14d. stamps for reply, to

VAL. VERNON,
HOLMDENE, MARLBOROUGH RD.,
CHISWICK.

£100 COMPETITION £100

£5 FOR EACH WINNER!

No Reduction. No receiving less than your entrance fee here. Is this worth an hour or two's work?

STUART LANCASTER

Is the only promoter who publicly deposits the WHOLE AMOUNT OF PRIZE MONEY, thus placing the HONESTY of his Competitions beyond question, and at the same time assuring that the FULL amount promised will be paid.

£100 will be paid in 20 £5 notes to the 20 correct counters of the letter S, both capital and small, in the first 10 chapters of Genesis. Use ordinary Bible, not revised edition. Don't count headings to chapters nor marginal references. Simply count the number of S's, large and small, that are actually in the verses. Put down the number you find in Each Chapter and then the Total of the Whole. Send list with 1s. 6d. Postal Order, and 14d. in stamps for full result, to the well-known Promoter,

STUART LANCASTER, WELLINGBORO', NORTHANTS.

Should only one be correct will get the £100. If more than one and less than 20 correct will receive more than the £5, in proportion. If more than 20 correct, a fresh contest will be set with Free entrance.

YOU WILL IN NO CASE GET LESS THAN £5.

IT IS WORTH A LITTLE TROUBLE

BANKERS:—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE UNION BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.
CLOSES MARCH 5th.

PIANO LEARNT IN FIRST LESSON.

GIVEN AWAY.
Before spending your money send for Sample Cover of "How to Vamp to Songs," post free on application, and you will be convinced as to the genuineness of this work. Price 1s. 6d. Revised copy, illustrated by three vamps to well-known songs, 3s.
GOODREAD,
88, Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
NOTE.—This is not a mechanical system.

RED NOSES.

(Caused through impaired circulation.) All those who would wish to be relieved of this distressing and disfiguring complaint should send to Dr. HOWELL, 2, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W.C., who will guarantee a cure in a few days, 2s. 6d. per box.

£5,000 Prizes have been Paid!

£350 to be given away this week. As a guarantee of genuineness the £350 offered in prizes has been deposited with the old-established firm of Advertising Agents, Messrs. Brown, Gould, and Co., of 52 and 54, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. (established 1850). These gentlemen have kindly consented to hold the £350 until all the following prizes have been "paid in full."

Cash Prizes: £100, £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, £1, and 20 at 10s. (£200), to be "given in full" to those counting most correctly the letter "U" in the first eleven Chapters of "Revelation." Use the ordinary Bible as found in every home. Count the letter "U," large and small together, in the verses of chapters only, and nothing else. Simply very plainly write, all on one side of a piece of paper, your name and address, and the number you make in each of the eleven chapters, and total of all. Entrance Fee only 2s. Postal Order, must be sent, with your list, also two penny stamps for printed result. Should several count correctly, prizes will be added together and equally divided, and if no one counts correctly, prizes will be given for the nearest correct work.

Cash Prizes: £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, £1, and 20 at 10s. (£100), to be "given in full" to those counting most correctly the letter "U" in the first eight Chapters of "Revelation." Entrance Fee only 1s. Postal Order, or 1s. 1d. stamps, also two penny stamps for printed result. Rules same as above.

Cash Prizes: £10, £5, £3, £2, £1, and 20 at 10s. (£50), to be "given in full" to those counting most correctly the letter "U" in the first six Chapters of "Revelation." Entrance Fee only sixpence in stamps, also two penny stamps for printed result. Rules same as above.

All three Competitions close positively Tuesday, February 24th, so post your lists on or before Monday, February 23rd. Printed results and prizes will be posted to each Competitor certain not later than Tuesday, March 3rd. One person can enter either one, two, or all three Competitions, providing the stated entrance fee is sent with each list. Each Competition must be written on a separate piece of paper, with full name and address on each.

(Bankers: The National Provincial Bank of England, Folkestone Branch.) Address letters: W. T. PAIN, "The Prizeries," 14 St. Michael's Street, and 39, Queen Street, Folkestone, Kent.



ALL UNMARRIED who would like to see a true and genuine photograph of their future Husband or Wife should send a stamped addressed envelope and one stamp. Curious as this may appear, it is nevertheless a fact. "Combinial Bliss" (176 pages), 12 stamps. Address:—The W. P. PHOTO AGENCY, 330, City Road, London.

PRIZES.

CASH PRIZES. £10, £5, £2, £1, £1, 10s., 10s., will be paid to those counting correctly the letter "W" in the first two Chapters of St. Mark's Gospel. (In verses only.) Give number in each Chapter and total of both. Send 1s. Postal Order, or thirteen stamps, and stamped addressed envelope for result. Closes February 20th. Prizes and result sheet sent March 3rd. If several are correct the £10 will be equally divided. Address: J. POWELL, 139A, Grove Street, Ludlow. N.B.—Postal Orders preferred.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 31.]

TRANSMISSION AS
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING FEB. 21, 1891.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TO NEWSAGENTS.

We shall be very happy to send specimen copies to any newsagent who thinks that he can use them to advantage; also to post contents bills every week to agents who will display them. A very taking transparency has just been prepared, and a copy of it will be forwarded to any agent who applies.

THE TENDER HEART.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
Of partridges he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face,
"How could you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
Said she, "The sin is quite the same."
"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of birds' eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The fisher's worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—"
"My own, we fish for trout with flies;
Don't wander from the question, please."

She quoted Cowper's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning words of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water-snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.
"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And vowed to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
To trim her hat with humming birds.

SOME CURIOUS DESPATCHES.

DURING the French "War of the Fronde," a leading member of the popular party transmitted an important letter in a roasted crab. The order which decided the great sea-fight of Solebay in the reign of Charles II. was carried by a little cabin boy, who swam through the fire of the Dutch fleet with the paper in his mouth, and that boy afterwards wrote his name in history as Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

Immediately before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great's emissaries in Saxony discovered several treasonable despatches hidden under the skin of a Bologna sausage. One of the Jacobite leaders of 1745, when about to be surprised in his own house by a party of soldiers, was warned of the necessity for instant flight by the gift of a feather from a friendly neighbour.

Warren Hastings, when blockaded in Benares by Cheyte Sing, succeeded in communicating with the British army by a singular use of his knowledge of Asiatic customs. He inserted thin rolls of parchment into the quills which his native messengers wore in their ears, and thus sent his despatches safely through the very midst of the besieging force.

The fall of Robespierre in 1794 was telegraphed to the prisoners in the Abbaye from the roof of an adjoining house by holding up a robe and a stone (for which the French is *pierre*) and then flinging both down into the street. When the Russian garrison of Samarcand was hemmed in by the Bokharoites in 1868 a loyal native succeeded in passing through the enemy's camp with a letter stitched up in his sandal, with which he reached General Kaufman's army just in time to recall it to the rescue.

It is even stated on good authority—although it must be owned that the statement has a strong "Munchausen" flavour about it—that a French spy in 1870 traversed the German lines with a photographic despatch concealed in the hollow of one of his false teeth.

PHOTOGRAPHING LOVE-LETTERS.

I HAD an experience the other day (says a photographer) which has interested me more than anything of a similar nature which has happened to me in all my business career. A young lady, who moves in the best society, brought me three letters; I photographed them for her, and, at her request, destroyed the negatives. The letters were the most tender and ardent love missives imaginable. They were addressed to the young lady herself. I will confess that curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I finally said:

"You'll pardon me, but this job is a little unusual, isn't it?"

"Is it?" she said, smiling.

"It strikes me so," I replied. "I don't see why you want photographs of these letters since you have the letters themselves."

"Don't you? Well, I do. Suppose the letters were to be lost, or burned, or destroyed in some other way?"

"Wouldn't the photographs be destroyed just as easily as the letters?"

"Perhaps not; especially if they were not kept in the same place with the letters. But I am not afraid of losing them by fire or in any such way as that. The fact is, the ink is fading out, and in a short time it is likely to be illegible."

There is a girl for you who doesn't propose to take any risks in the breach of promise business.

HOW WEALTHY RUSSIANS SPEND THEIR MONEY.

No millionaires can compare with the Russians in getting rid of their money in "the grand style." There, for instance, is the promising heir of the Demidoffs, a princelet of sixteen summers, who spends his winters far from the ice-hills and other cold attractions of the Russian winter in the golden sunshine of the Riviera. His youthful highness is ambitious of academic honours, and, in order to pass his "matric." in proper style, Prince Demidoff San Donato recently induced a whole college of preceptors to come—at his expense—from St. Petersburg to Nice, and there to undertake his examination.

The Russian Press shrieked a little at "this abuse of wealth," but the princelet satisfied his examiners, and since there is just now plenty of "other fish to fry" in the newspapers of the land of the great white Czar, the storm has passed over.

The history of the house of Demidoff, by the way, has furnished one of the most romantic pages in Russian history. In the times when the Great Peter was the ruler of all the Russians, the founder of the princely family was a blacksmith. He ran away when his time came for serving in the army, but the Czar forgave his desertion because he knew how to cast cannon balls, besides knowing how to shoe horses.

After a time Peter sold him—for a song—a large foundry and some mines, conferred upon him a title of nobility, and presented him with a painting of himself (the Czar), with the words, "Now mind you cast as many cannon balls as possible, and get the silver out of the mines."

The former blacksmith died a man of tremendous wealth, and his sons after him continued to accumulate the "pile." There were a few spendthrifts in the family. The most famous among them was one Prokoff Akinfeyevitch Demidoff, who lived in the time of the second Catherine. During the first Russo-Turkish wars the Government was in great straits, and applied to the arch-millionaire, who was not an admirer of his Sovereign lady, for a loan.

"You can have 4,000,000 roubles," he replied, "and if you do not return it at the proper time I will ask for no other compensation than that I may give her Majesty's ambassador (and representative) a box on the ear for each million."

This satisfaction, however, was denied him, as the money was returned at the proper time. Another amusement of this aristocrat was to get persons to stand before him for an hour together. If during this time they did not move their eyelids in the slightest blink, they received a certain sum of money; if they did, there was the knout for them.

FURNITURE IN BLOOM.

A READER in California, to whom *Pearson's Weekly* is sent every week by the old folk at home, forwards the following interesting little article to the publication which he is so kind as to term "the most interesting paper that reaches me in this out-of-the-way spot."

"Two years ago some alterations in my grounds necessitated the cutting down of a large, old quince tree. It was about eight inches thick through the trunk, with three evenly-grown and symmetrical branches springing from the main trunk.

"Just the thing I wanted as a pedestal for a rustic table in the arbour, I thought.

"I had the tree trimmed off carefully, and with my plan in view, after it had been taken up, I had it sawed in two, so as to leave my pedestal intact, consisting of one foot of the trunk of the tree with its three branching prongs, leaving each of these about four feet long. To the end of each branch I had nailed a cross-piece of board about a foot long, so as to give solidity to my pedestal, when, inverting the trunk, each of these three prongs should become a leg of my table. Next a hole was dug in the centre of the arbour, and the inverted tree placed squarely in it, and two feet of earth packed solidly round the ends of the limbs. A rustic table top was then nailed firmly upon the trunk, and my table was done.

"Now comes the curious part of the story. Two years after this inverted trunk was planted, when the spring-time came it put forth leaves and branches and perfect blooms as fair as any in the orchard. In our glorious climate almost anything will grow if you will give it half a chance. This I know right well. But by nailing the square blocks of wood firmly upon the end of each limb before planting it I had taken even that half chance away, since by so doing I had prevented the direct contact of the absorbent portion of the tree with the moisture in the ground, leaving only the pores in the bark to drink in what they could of the elixir of plant life. And yet the tree grew, and is growing still, in this upside position.

"Can any country on earth except California bring forth such a record as this?"

We sometimes say "out of sight, out of mind," but we do not necessarily imply that a blind man is insane.

THE best description we have ever heard of a slow man was that he was too slow to get out of his own way.

A MAN was shot at, but was saved by the bullet lodging in his false teeth. A fine instance of tooth-stopping. Still the saving of life was purely accidental.

"I'm glad Billy had sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandmamma Winkum at the wedding. "Girls is so hitytity, and widders is so overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is thankful and willin' to please."

BARONESS (to new footman): "Johann, pray do not whistle so abominably; such vulgar street tunes, too." Johann: "But your ladyship does not expect to hear a rhapsody of Liszt when I'm blacking the boots. That comes on later, when I'm cleaning the silver."

AFTER the races last week, a well-dressed man was seen groping on his hands and knees in the midst of a muddy road.

"What have you lost, sir? What is it?" asked the crowd, who assembled rapidly. The man only shook his head. But the crowd went in crowdfully, nevertheless, for the pursuit of the supposed diamond-pin or roll of bank-notes. Operations were kept up vigorously for over a quarter of an hour, the number of the searchers increasing every minute. At last, with a sad, dejected air, the man arose.

"Never mind," he said, "we shall never find it. It was my last fusee! Perhaps one of you fellows can give me one!"

A QUEER CASE.

It is not often that I find myself within the precincts of a police-court, but a short time ago, happening to be seized with a sudden and unaccountable curiosity, I wended my way towards one of these interesting buildings, and effected an entrance. I say effected, because it was a matter of no little difficulty, the outer chamber being crammed to inconvenience with forty or fifty individuals, mostly women, two-thirds of whom seemed in the last stages of despondency, while the remainder afforded a striking contrast by exhibiting a sort of unhealthy cheerfulness. The police inspector on duty that day was an old acquaintance of mine, and upon noticing me he immediately beckoned me into his office.

"There's a peculiar case just decided," he said; "one you might like to know something about. The fellow is discharged, and will be coming out in a minute. Why, there he goes; that man in the corduroys."

The "man in the corduroys" had only just got into the street when I overtook him. He was standing still, looking up and down the thoroughfare, apparently undecided what to do, all the time feeling in his trousers' pockets as though he had lost something. I divined his thoughts, and accosting him quietly, said:

"After the unpleasant proceedings just concluded possibly a little light refreshment might be acceptable."

"Just what I was thinkin', sir," he replied, smiling; "an' I was just a feelin' to see if I'd got the price of a pint anywheres, but I'm quite broke."

"Never mind," I observed; and in less than a couple of minutes I had him comfortably seated behind a foaming tankard and a long pipe in an adjacent public-house. He was a fine specimen of the British working-man, tall and broad-shouldered, with a frank, open face; not at all one who could be judged as belonging to the criminal classes. I was anxious to know what crime he could have been charged with, and I mildly inquired if it had been a matter of "assault and battery."

"No, sir," he said, "but it will be next time—that is if I lay hold of the chap what made a fool of me."

"Is it a long story?" I queried.

"Not very; would you like to hear it, sir?"

I assented eagerly, and he related a story to the following effect. I have not attempted to follow his language, for at periods of his narrative he grew so excited that to do so would be impossible.

"You see I've been out of work now for nigh on two months, scarcely knowing which way to turn for a meal, and glad to pick up a sixpence when and where I can."

"Nothing's too hard or too poor a job when you're 'out o' collar' I can tell you, and I didn't mind a rap what I picked up so long as I got it by fair and honest means, for I was always brought up straight, and I mean to stick to the principle as long as I live."

"Well, one morning I went out as usual—that would be just nine days ago—and found myself with only twopenny-halfpence over the West-end way. No job was to be had that morning, so feeling rather down at heart and desperately hungry, I turned into a little 'pub' for a bit of bread and cheese and a drop of beer. I hadn't been sitting there long before a short, stumpy gent, with no end of watch-chain in front of him, comes sauntering in, and seats himself plump alongside of me. I ought to have felt flattered no doubt, and perhaps I did a little bit, when he said presently, in a very pleasant way:

"Nice morning."

"Yes," I said, "it is for those in work, but the morning doesn't seem extra nice to me."

"You're out of work, eh?" he asked, "well, I might have guessed as much by your expression. What would you say if I was to put a little job in your way?"

"I should say God bless you, and mean it," I answered, pricking up my ears and looking full in the little gent's face. He looked at me, too, very hard, I thought, as if he was trying to read what was inside of me, and couldn't quite manage it.

"I can trust you?" he asked.

"Perfectly," I said.

"Now, look here," he says, speaking quite confidential like, and in a very low tone, "I'm a detective. To-night I am going to have a good try to nab a fellow who has been fooling the police for the last three months. I've got first-rate information, and with you to help me I believe I shall have him."

"But—I was going to tell him I knew nothing about thief-taking, and that I was afraid I should only spoil the affair, when he stopped me."

"I know what I'm about," he said, "You will be new to him. He knows all the plain-clothes men in London, but he won't know you. There's a big reward. If we catch him, I'll come down handsome. What'll you drink?"

"I drank his health, listened while he went on talking by the yard, and telling me what I should have to do."

"It seemed to me funny that a detective should go on in the way he did, but there, I was out of work, and the prospect of earning a few pounds rather dazzled me, and I wasn't so sharp as I ought to have been."

"He told me that the man he intended to catch was

going to commit a burglary at a house in Holland Park—who informed him he didn't say, but he said he knew it—and that he meant nabbing him in the very act."

"The house stood in small grounds, and my part of the performance was to watch for the burglar, and should he by any means give the detective the slip, to chase and collar him if I could."

"But s'pose," I said, as soon as I could get a word in—"s'pose a bobby comes along and catches sight of me in those grounds at midnight?"

"Well," the little gent replied, laughin', "you've only to give the police signal—three loud whistles—and tell them Inspector Dawker has engaged you."

"I was rather doubtful even then, but the little gent's quick tongue soon smoothed it over, and I agreed to go in for a share of the reward."

"We left the tavern together, and parted just outside, promising to meet at the house in Holland Park at twelve o'clock the same night. He cautioned me again not to breathe a word about the arrangement, and further mentioned that when he met me at night he would be disguised."

"Twelve o'clock came. I reached the meeting-place in time, and found the detective waiting for me. He was dressed in clothes something like my own, and looked the flash gentleman no longer. He seemed rather impatient, and hastily pulled me through the gates of the garden and into a part of it where thick shrubs grew, making a capital hiding place, from which you could see up and down the road quite plainly without being spotted yourself."

"Now mind," he said, quickly, "if you see the burglar run, chase him; if a policeman comes, three loud whistles. Here's the whistle. I must be off, or I shall lose my chance. I shall be back in an hour. If I want assistance I will give you the three whistles."

"With these parting words the man disappeared. I stood there watching for quite half-an-hour, I should think, when I heard the heavy tramp of a constable. He was coming my way, I fancied, and I was right. Slowly he drew nearer and nearer, until he stopped right abreast of the very place where I was hiding, close to the garden gate."

"He tried the gate fastening. It opened; he came inside, and flashed his lantern full on the very bush behind which I was standing. Quick as possible I let go three very loud shrill whistles; but instead of the policeman being awed by the sound, he dashed at me and caught me by the throat, in about half a minute nearly choking me, and stopping me from explaining why I was there."

"Finding I didn't resist, he loosened his hold and questioned me. I told him plump and plain that Inspector Dawker had engaged me, and that I was doing my duty, and that he had better not spoil the game. He only gripped my arm the tighter and laughed, telling me not to 'try it on with him,' and blew his whistle."

"In a few minutes another constable arrived, and between the two of them, what with their laughing and their questions, I had a lively time of it. However, I was bound to go with them to the lock-up, they said, for either I was a downright fool, or an impudent rascal, they were not sure which."

"This was, they expected, another of that Dawker's precious schemes, and I was put down as his accomplice trying on the 'innocent humbug' with them."

"It was in vain I declared my innocence of any scheme besides that for the capture of a notorious burglar. It was no good. I was taken to the nearest police station and charged on suspicion."

"The next morning, when brought before the magistrate, I learnt to my great surprise that the man I thought was a detective was none other than the burglar he pretended to be after; and that, instead of trying to catch a criminal, he was robbing the house whilst I kept watch outside, and warned him by my loud whistles of the arrival of the police."

"I was remanded for inquiries to be made, and, they being found satisfactory, I was brought up again this morning and discharged."

"That's the story, sir; it's the queerest thing that ever happened to me, and I really can't help laughing at it myself, to think I should have been taken in so clean. I hope that fellow keeps out of my path, for I shall certainly be brought up for assault or manslaughter if ever I clap hands on him."

Having replenished my companion's tankard, and wished him a very good afternoon, I left him apparently very comfortable, although I heard him mutter ominously as I turned away:

"Wait till I meet him, I'll give him Dawker."

STRANGE, there are some men occupying high positions in business and society, but who do not know how to read. This remark is suggested by seeing the number of intelligent-looking men unable to decipher the mystic legend, "Please shut the door."

OLD LADY: "Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?"

Boy: "Werry dangerous, indeed, marm; there was a lady a-ridin' up here last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady was chucked over the cliff and killed."

Old Lady: "Good gracious! was the donkey killed too?"

Boy: "No, marm; you're on the werry donkey."

It is said that short, dumpy people are more humorous than long, lank folks, on the ground that brevity is the soul of wit.

A VALUABLE MAN.—Strawber: "That was a pretty good trick that was played on a gas company in Sheffield. A fellow there disconnected his meter, put a rubber tube round it, and for months they didn't discover that he had been robbing them."

Singerly: "What did they do with him then?"

Strawber: "They made him one of the directors of the company."

JUNIOR PARTNER: "Mr. Shortweight, don't you think we had better put the price of coal up? It is going to be very cold to-night, and the people will look for an advance to-morrow."

Senior Partner: "I see, you are not yet up to the fine points of the business. Insert in to-morrow morning's paper an advertisement of a reduction of five per cent."

Junior Partner: "A reduction of five per cent? Why, that is against all sound business principles. The greater the demand the higher the price."

Senior Partner: "Not so fast, young man. Order the men to water the coal thoroughly; that will add fifteen per cent. to its weight and bulk when it freezes, and after the reduction of five per cent. we shall still have ten per cent. advance."

THE borrowing family sent their boy Jack over to Mrs. Murphy's to borrow some tea and sugar and a plate of butter. Mrs. Murphy was busy, and had no inclination to lend to neighbours who never returned anything they borrowed. At the same time she did not care to offend them entirely.

"I'd be glad to accommodate yees," she said, politely, "but Oi'm in a hurry, and haven't the time to wait on ye. I've other fish to fry just now."

The boy went home and reported that Mrs. Murphy was too busy to attend to him, had other fish to fry, etc.

"And why didn't ye wait?" asked his mother, breathlessly. "Go back, and take another plate with you, and tell her you're in no hurry, and mother'd be much obliged to her for a plate of the fried fish."

A YOUNG man who was trout-fishing in the country followed a brook with no success until it passed under a railing. He climbed the railing, and, as he cast his fly at the root of a willow-tree, he observed that a gaunt rustic was watching him. Finding, however, that he made no protest, the young man continued fishing, and presently he had seven fair trout in his basket. As he placed his foot on the lower rail to depart he was accosted by the countryman, who said grimly,

"Drap them trout!"

The young man hesitated.

"Drap 'em, or I'll drap you into the brook!" continued the countryman.

The young man then emptied the contents of his basket and climbed the railing, saying, as he reached the safe side,

"Well, I have met mean men, but, for generous, whole-souled meanness, you beat them all!"

"Hold on, young feller!" said the farmer. "I ain't mean. If I'd wanted to be mean I'd ha' stopped you fishin', or charged you half-a-crown for the chance. Now if you want to buy a nice string of fish, you can have 'em for a florin, and I reckon they're cheap at the price."

The young man paid the florin.

TO READERS WHO WISH US
WELL.

If you appreciate our efforts "to interest, to elevate, to amuse," will you help us make the paper known by handing specimen copies to your friends? Readers who will so far trouble themselves as to do this will be giving the most practical proof possible of their approbation.

We will gladly send (carriage free, of course) the number of specimen copies for which any reader asks. Foremen, time-keepers, overseers, and others in large factories and workshops are in a position to render particularly valuable assistance in this way.

We hope that any readers who know people in such positions will kindly send us their names and addresses, so that we may be able to write and offer them specimen copies for distribution.

Were we providing no larger a pennyworth of reading matter than some of our contemporaries, we should be able to advertise extensively. As it is, we feel we may ask those whom we succeed in pleasing to make the paper known a little in this manner.

We have printed on small gummed slips a facsimile of the heading with some wording round it. To those who will make use of these we shall be most happy to forward a packet.

RIVAL DISCOVERERS.

It is a suggestive fact that there are usually two claimants for the honour of discovering an important fact in science. Anyone familiar with the history of discoveries and inventions can recall many illustrations of this singular fact.

In mathematics we have the German Leibnitz disputing with the English Newton as to which of the two discovered the method of fluxions. In astronomy Adams, the Englishman, shares with Leverrier, the Frenchman, the honour of discovering the planet Neptune. Professor Morse, an American, had to contend with Mr. Wheatstone, the Englishman, for the honour of having invented the telegraph.

The credit of discovering the circulation of the blood is given to William Harvey, an eminent London physician of the seventeenth century. This discovery, which revolutionised the practice of medicine, was made known by Harvey, it is said, in 1616, to his classes in surgery. In 1628 he published it to the world in a book dedicated to Charles I.

The Italians ascribe this important discovery to Father Paul Sarpi, a learned Venetian monk, who died in 1623, at the age of seventy-one. Archdeacon Dixon says that, from personal examination of the controversy, he is satisfied that the world is indebted to Sarpi for this great discovery.

Sarpi was a diligent student of natural philosophy, medicine, and anatomy. In a journal published in 1634 it is stated that Sarpi discovered the circulation of the blood, but did not make it public. His reticence was due to his fear of the Inquisition, whose hostility to scientific discoveries was well known, and with whom Sarpi had had trouble in his efforts to reform the Roman Church.

He did, however, reveal the secret to his physician, Aquapendente, who had saved his life when wounded by Roman assassins. The physician wrote a book on the subject, based on Sarpi's notes. But he also was afraid that the publication of such a novel heresy would get him into trouble with the Inquisition. He therefore placed his manuscript in the library of St. Mark's.

Aquapendente afterwards removed to Padua, where he was appointed professor. Among his pupils was a young Englishman, with whom he became so intimate that he revealed to him Sarpi's discovery. This young Englishman was Harvey. On his return to England, and after the death of Sarpi, in 1623, he claimed the honour of having made the discovery.

THE ICELAND PARLIAMENT.

We were fortunate enough to be in Reykjavik during the sitting of the Althing, or Parliament, which met of old in the world-renowned plain of Thingvalla. The Parliament House is a substantial edifice, built of lava, abundance of which may be had just outside the town, where the ground is thickly strewn with loose blocks of volcanic rock. The entrance is by a commodious hall, with seats at each side, and a staircase of iron and wood in front.

As we reach the first landing a gentleman, whom we afterwards recognised in the presidential chair of the Commons, came forward to meet us. Speaking in French, he asked if we were Englishmen, and then courteously conducted us into both Houses. As business was about to commence he had soon to leave us, but he first showed us to the Strangers' Gallery. This resort is open to the public, and on both occasions when we visited it, we found it completely filled, chiefly with natives of both sexes.

The Upper and Lower Houses are very much alike. Each consists of a room of about forty feet by thirty, carpeted and neatly painted. Opposite to the Strangers' Gallery sits the President. The Governor, distinguished by his gold lace, has a chair a little to his right. Immediately in front of him are the reporters, and outside them, ranged in a semi-circle, are the Members of Parliament, the Government, of course, on the President's right, and the Opposition on his left. The electors, that is, all the men who are of age and pay taxes, send up thirty representatives. These thirty then select six out of their own number to sit in the Upper House, and the King of Denmark nominates six more. Thus the Lower House consists of twenty-four members, and the Upper of twelve, who are presided over by the Lutheran Bishop. The King retains a vote on all bills, and, I believe, he does not scruple to use his right. He also appoints the Governor, and as the Governor cannot be in two places at the same time, the sittings of the two Houses are not simultaneous. The Commons sit first for an hour or two, and then the Upper House takes its turn.

"JOHNNY," asked Uncle John, smilingly, "do you enjoy going to school?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "I'd rather go than not."

"That's the right spirit, Johnny," said Uncle John, encouragingly. "And what did you do at school to-day?"

"I put a drawing-pin under Bill Marks, and I gave him a lickin' afterwards for tellin' the teacher. That's what I did," said little Johnny, proudly, with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eyes.

A VERY CLEVER THIEF.

It is an unusual experience to find an anecdote involving theft and deception which rouses not only amusement but admiration of the culprit's cleverness. Yet such a story is told by a correspondent who was himself a witness of the incident.

"At Khartoum I saw a man who was exhibiting three large apes, which performed several tricks at his command. I entered into conversation with him, and he told me that his male ape was the most dexterous thief imaginable, and stole every day a sufficient amount of food for his subsistence. In proof of this he begged me to watch the animal for a few minutes. I did so, and presently the keeper led him to a spot where a date-seller was sitting on the ground with his basket beside him. Here the ape's master put him through his evolutions, and although I could perceive that the monkey had an eye to the fruit, yet so completely did he disguise his intentions that no careless observer would have noticed it.

"He did not at first care about approaching the basket, but gradually brought himself nearer, until at last he got close to the owner. In the midst of one of his feats he suddenly started up from the ground on which he was stretched, and, uttering a cry as if in pain or rage, fixed his eyes full on the face of the date-seller; then, without moving the rest of his body, he stole as many dates as he could hold in one of his 'hind hands.' The date-seller, thus stared out of countenance, and having his attention diverted by this extraordinary movement, knew nothing about the theft until a bystander told him of it. Then he joined heartily in the laugh raised against him."

ABOUT CASHMERE SHAWLS.

PROBABLY not one among a thousand of the fair creatures who carry small fortunes on their backs in the shape of Cashmere shawls, know what these are made of, or anything about their manufacture. They are aware, to be sure, that these shawls come from the Happy Valley, where dear Lalla Rookh fell in love with the Minstrel Prince, and where the air is musical with the songs of "bulbuls" and faint with the aroma of roses; but beyond that they are at fault. It so happens, however, that they have been misinformed by Tom Moore in relation to the said valley, which, although beautiful enough itself, is inhabited by a parcel of low-caste Gentoo weavers, who are at once the poorest, the filthiest, and the most degraded community in all Asia.

Most people suppose that the shawls are made from the wool of a broad-tailed sheep, whereas their material is supplied by a diminutive, long-haired goat, found on the table-land north of the Himalaya Mountains, in Little Tibet. The fabrics are not made, however, of the animal's hair, but of an exquisitely fine, downy wool that grows under it, and is drawn through it with rude combs made of thorny twigs.

There are now sixteen thousand shawl looms in the "Happy Valley," which produce about eighty thousand shawls annually. The care bestowed on the weaving may be inferred from the fact that the manufacture of a shawl proceeds at the rate of about *one quarter of an inch a day*. But a small modicum of the profits of the business accrues to the wretched weavers and dealers. The Maharajah of the region monopolises the lion's share of the returns in the shape of an enormous tax, and if the same be not duly paid, he simply flays alive the miserable defaulters.

If our ladies of fashion fancy that they adorn their persons with the handsomest shawls made in Cashmere, they labour under a delusion. These belt the waists or enwrap the heads of the Flowers of the Oriental Harems. For some of the rarest specimens as much as two thousand pounds have been paid by Turks and Persians "of high degree."

These rich fabrics are literally parterres of splendid flowers, glorious as those of "the Garden of Gul in its bloom;" and as the luxurious Oriental beauties have a pretty way of scenting each flower with its own peculiar odour, an odalisque with a two-thousand-pound shawl for a head-dress, smells like a whole conservatory. We commend this poetical idea to the attention of those of our fashionable dames and demoiselles who may wish to captivate two senses at once with their sumptuary splendours. Rich floral embroidery would derive a new charm from such a sweetening.

A FRENCHWOMAN confesses to having attended 722 balls to catch a husband, and only to have caught instead bronchitis fourteen times, pleurisy thrice, and 120 colds in the head.

A FEW days ago two ladies, one of whom carried a baby, entered a carpet shop and signified their desire to look at some carpets. The shopman cheerfully showed roll after roll, until the perspiration literally streamed from every pore of his body. Finally one of the ladies asked the other if she did not think it was time to go.

"Not quite," was the answer of her companion; and then, in an undertone, she added: "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and it is not time to catch the train yet."

CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

A YOUNG man engaged in travelling for a publishing firm, opened the front gate of a house, and strode blithely up the path to the front door.

The words "travelling for a publishing firm" are used here as the young man used them, but the dreadfully practical serving-maid who answered the ring at the door announced to the master of the house that "one of them book canvassers" awaited his pleasure in the porch.

When the master of the house came out, all smiles, and courteously inquired how he could be of any service to his visitor, the young man felt sure that he could sell at least one copy of "McCarthy's Record of Universal Information," and perhaps get a note of introduction to one of the neighbours.

When the master of the house seated himself in a rustic chair, and observed in a particularly kind and interested manner that he had no doubt that the work would prove of more than usual value to any purchaser, no matter what his position in life, the young man felt ready to wager a small sum that the gentleman would take not only a copy for his own use, but two or three as presents to relatives.

"It is, no doubt, a valuable work," said the gentleman, "but has it any statistics?"

"Full of them, sir—full of them. One hundred pages of the most carefully-prepared figures, and—"

"Glad to hear it. But how about useful information?"

"Anything you want to know, sir. Fifty pages without a break. Why, sir—"

"Yes, I have no doubt; but tell me, are there historical facts enough to suit a practical man?"

"Entire history of the world, sir, from the fall of Adam to the present time, and more—"

"And reminiscences?"

"Half of the book is reminiscences, sir; every anecdote verified by affidavit, and—"

"Any illustrations?"

"The best artists' work on every page;" and for an hour the young man gave glowing descriptions of the contents of the book, its usefulness to the general public, and the danger likely to accrue to any family keeping house without it.

Dinner time came and went, and still the young man talked; perspiration rolled down his face in rivulets, but his energy never flagged. He went over the book section by section, chapter by chapter, and page by page. He was hungry, his jaw ached, but he was determined to talk until the gentleman's fortitude gave way. At last, at the proper moment, he produced his order-book.

"How many copies may I put you down for?" he asked, breathlessly, spreading the memorandum book upon his knee.

The gentleman hesitated.

"Oh," said he, at length, "you needn't put me down at all, as I am a member of the firm. I am pleased to see that you have learned your lesson very thoroughly. With perseverance you will make an excellent canvasser, I assure you."

This will explain, in part, why the young man is now opening oysters in a restaurant, his hopes blighted, and his confidence in human nature grossly betrayed.

MRS. GROGAN: "Arrah! Mrs. Clancey, yez oughter go oop to Mrs. Whelan's. Sure, she's going to have a pianner forte!"

Mrs. Clancey: "A pianner for tay, is it? Begorra, the appetite of her!"

£100 INSURANCE

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

During the Winter Months we propose to substitute a Football Insurance for the Cyclist Insurance which was in force during the summer season. This will remain in operation until the first week in April, when the Cyclist Insurance will be resumed. Meantime we undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed _____

QUESTIONS WORTH
ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

252. What Note is Most Often Used in Music?

Several readers answered this question, but none of them gave any authoritative reply. We have, therefore, referred it to a well-known musical critic, who tells us that he "believes the middle C to be the note most frequently used, as it seems to be the note which best avoids the extremes, and is most within the general compass."

256. Which County Has the Most Perfect Police System?

Middlesex has the most perfect police system of all our counties, because it is entirely within the area of the Metropolitan Police, excepting the City of London, which has its own force. In the counties generally there is one police constable for every 1,150 of the population. But in the Metropolitan Police District, deducting about 807 employed in royal dockyards, parks, and such public places, and about 446 paid by public companies and private individuals, there is, besides these, one for every 369 of the population. In the districts of the City and Metropolitan Police, there is one constable for every twenty-nine acres; in all the rest of England and Wales, only one for every 1,623 acres. The Metropolitan Police have power to regulate street traffic, to inspect and license cabs, omnibuses, and other public conveyances, to interfere in abating smoke nuisances, and to inspect common lodging-houses. The number of offences determined summarily in their district is over eleven for every policeman, of indictable offences more than six for each. The 12,396 ordinary constables on their beats are visited by the 1,452 sergeants in their appointed sections, which are supervised day and night by 847 inspectors, and very frequently visited by the thirty superintendents. Mounted police patrol the more distant parts of the outer sub-divisions.

258. How many Trades Unions are there in this Country?

Accurate statistical data of all the trades unions in this country have not yet been obtained, although the Board of Trade, through Mr. Burnett, its labour correspondent, has for the past three years been endeavouring to obtain information covering the whole area of trades unions. At the close of 1889 the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies had a list of 288 trades unions, of which 104 only had acceded to the request of the Board of Trade to supply balance-sheets and other information. This number is considered by Mr. Burnett, one of the best authorities on the subject, to be not more than one-third or one-fourth of the trades unions of the kingdom. His estimate, taking it to be accurate, would make the number of trades unions in this country between nine and eleven hundred. The membership of those trades unions which make returns is 373,904. Their collective income for 1888 was £744,309, and their aggregate outlay £596,671.

259. Do the Senses of Men or Women become soonest impaired by Old Age?

Statistics differ on this question, but there seems to be a preponderance of opinion that the senses of a man do not remain intact for so long a period in life as those of a woman. After a certain age a species of rejuvenescence is often perceived in women, and they more slowly decline with the lapse of years than members of the opposite sex. This may not be the generally received opinion, but close observation, and the test of longevity confirm it. Woman has the advantage over man in freedom from exposure to the various casualties, indiscretions, and other causes of disease, and consequently attains to a greater age. Out of 89 persons returned as dying at or over the age of 100, ten were males. That this superiority is partly the result of a stronger or more enduring inherent vitality is shown by the fact that even in the first year of life, when the conditions of male and female infants are the same, the mortality of girls is less than that of boys. It may also be observed, that the rate both of the pulse and respiration is quicker in the longer-lived sex; the average pulse in the woman over 80 being 78 or 79, while that in the man is 73, and the respiration in the woman is 22, while that in the man is 18 to 19.

261. Why do Men Grow Taller than Women?

Even at birth there is a difference in height and weight between male and female children to the advantage of the former. Dr. Bowditch observed 10,904 girls attending the public schools of Boston, U.S.A., not one of whom increased in height after reaching the age of eighteen; but Dr. Roberts has a table showing the results of the observation of 14,000 males of the British artisan class, which proves that in most instances increase in height went on till twenty-two was reached. Dr. Boulton, in the LANCET of October 16th, 1880, has an article on the subject, and gives a table by which he shows that in average Britons brought up under favourable circumstances the normal difference in stature, between the sexes, when full grown, is five inches. Women, in fact, are everywhere shorter than men; and there is no other explanation to be found of this fact than that in the physical development of women, at a certain stage, the nutritive processes are turned into another direction than the continuation of the growth of the individual, and are diverted into the channel of preparation for the special functions of motherhood, which they are destined to fulfil in the great scheme of Nature. The exceedingly varied and complicated phenomena of life find their highest perfected expression in the duality in unity of mankind; the man, as it were, building for himself, the woman for new generations.

262. What Spot at Sea is Farthest from Land?

A spot in the South Pacific Ocean, about 65° south latitude and 140° west longitude, which will be not less than two thousand miles from land in any direction, or, in other words, a stretch of at least four thousand miles of clear ocean between land and land. If the small islands found in the Pacific were ignored, and the continental land only considered, the distance of clear ocean might be considerably increased. But it is difficult to speak with any degree of absolute certainty as to the position of the exact spot referred to in the question; for even in those parts of the Pacific Ocean which are comparatively well known, fresh islands are constantly being discovered, and new ones being formed by volcanic action.

263. Who is Considered the World's Greatest Orator?

Without doubt Emilio Castelar, the Spanish statesman, who was born in 1832, is the greatest orator of the present day. At the age of twenty-two he became famous throughout Spain by a speech made, apparently on the spur of the moment, at a political meeting in Madrid. The mere announcement that he proposes to make a speech in the Spanish Parliament is enough to set the whole city in a state of excitement. It is talked of for days beforehand, and when the day arrives there is not an inch of standing-room to be had in any part of the Chamber while he is speaking. In SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS we read: "He (Castelar) speaks for hours, and not a single deputy leaves the Chamber, not a person moves in the tribunes, not a voice interrupts him. Not even when he breaks the regulations does the President venture to interrupt him." Some of the descriptions given by those who have heard him seem almost absurd in their enthusiasm. Colonel Hay, in his CASTILIAN DAYS, writes: "There can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in his delivery. He is the only man I ever saw who produces in very truth those astounding effects which I have always thought the invention of poets and the exaggerations of biography. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of colour and terrible energy of passion. When you consider that this is not conned over beforehand, but struck off instantly in the very heat of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate work of a rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and striking, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity of utterance, that is the despair of stenographers."

264. Is Frozen Meat as Nourishing as that which has not been Frozen?

One of the most important constituents of all meats is albumen, the readiest and most easily digested of nitrogenous or tissue-forming foods. This albumen is largely held in solution in the juices of the meat. In the act of thawing, a certain percentage of these juices drains away, and consequently a portion of the albumen is lost. Dr. Letheby gives the proportion of nitrogenous matter in fresh English lean beef as 19·3

per cent., and in American about 17, the latter meat having been preserved by refrigeration. Again, meat contains a variety of nitrogenous substances, which can be extracted by water. A portion of these also is dissolved from the frozen meat when prepared for use. The fibrin is rendered much more tender by the freezing process and the subsequent thawing, so in this way the meat has been rendered more digestible, and, to some extent, more nourishing. All other things being equal, however, the fresh meat will be some ten per cent. more nutritious than the frozen. As a proof that albumen is largely absent in frozen meat, we may mention a fact that every cook knows, viz., that the soup and dripping from frozen meat do not stiffen when cold. It must also be remembered that frozen meat, when it is cooked, will become bad very soon afterwards, even if the weather be fairly cold. There is a law that all substances that have been frozen, after being thawed, very quickly decay. Bodies that have been left for years intact in the ice or snow of the Arctic regions, rapidly decay when exposed to a temperature above that of freezing. The same law holds good with meat. When, therefore, the joint of meat that has been frozen comes down from the dinner-table it is best to cut all the meat off the bone immediately. Make a hash then and there, put plenty of pepper into the gravy, and bring the hash to the boil. Then put it by, and probably the next day it will be perfectly good.

265. How many Horses are required Annually by our Army?

The number of horses and mules maintained for the British Army is about 25,000. The number required annually to replace casualties from age, accidents, and disease amounts on an average to about 1,600; of course this varies according to circumstances, and in time of war the number would be much greater. The average cost for replacing these animals amounts to about £35 each, and they are all procured by purchase from dealers or breeders. In some other countries horse-breeding establishments are maintained for this purpose, and it is successfully carried out at a much less expense to the country than by purchase, the average cost, including all incidental expenses, being below £28 per head.

266. How Much Do the People of This Country Spend Yearly in Law?

The various courts of justice, civil and criminal, cost the nation between one and a half and two millions sterling. In addition to this there is the amount paid to the members of the legal profession, who, in this country, number 50,000. Some at the top of the tree, like the Attorney-General and Sir Charles Russell, earn between £15,000 and £20,000 a year each. Taking them to average, big and little, £250 a year, the expenditure through this channel would be a further sum of twelve and a half millions.

267. What Proportion of Houses are Owned by the People who Live in Them?

Between twelve and fifteen per cent. There are about eight million houses in this country, and between 1,000,000 and 1,200,000 of these are owned by the people who live in them. The housing of the people is one of growing importance, and, in lecturing on the subject in 1889, Mr. C. G. Hoey gave the following particulars as to Glasgow, at the same time stating that a very similar state of things would be found in nearly all our large cities:—In Glasgow, he said, one-fourth of the inhabitants live in single apartments, and nearly 70 per cent. in two apartments, often with lodgers. The effect of the huddling the population together is shown by the death rates for such cases in Glasgow as given by Mr. Hoey, namely—27·74 per 1,000 in the one and two-roomed dwellings; 19·45 in three and four-roomed houses; and 11·23 in houses of five rooms and upwards.

268. What are the Comparative Values of Wood and of Coal as Fuel?

Wood as an article of combustion is worth about half the value of coal. This is accounted for by the large proportion of water found in the former. A simple and efficient test of the comparative values of wood and coal is to take, say, a pound of each, and operate with them upon a certain quantity of ice. A pound of coal will melt ninety-five pounds of ice, while a pound of wood will melt fifty-two pounds only. Wood contains so large a proportion of water—about twenty per cent.—as to reduce its heat-giving quality both in quantity and intensity. Coal, on the other hand, contains practically no water.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at the rate of two guineas a column, or about fivepence a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

291. What constitutes a city in this country?
292. Has football or cricket the greater number of followers?
293. How many church bells are there in the United Kingdom?
294. Is it possible to make a plant produce a blossom of any desired colour?

295. Which is the best fortified port in the world?
296. Which animal eats least in proportion to its size?
297. Does the law of any country permit marriage by proxy?
298. Does the male bird always sing better than the female?
299. How much food is wasted every day in this country?
300. How much treasure is it calculated that there is lying at the bottom of the sea?

A WARNING TO GIRLS ABOUT TO COMMIT MATRIMONY.

I WOULD solemnly warn all women about to marry to ascertain beforehand that their contemplated husband is not what is called a fidget. A leaning towards intemperance may be greatly mitigated in a husband by one's keeping the cellar key and not allowing him any pocket-money; but a fanaticism for being always before the time is difficult to repress and impossible to extirpate.

Better that a bridegroom should not be at the church door until after the rubrical hour, and your marriage be postponed for a day, than that he should prove himself a fidget by presenting himself at the altar before the clergyman and yourself are ready for him. Your self-love may suggest that such haste is only the result of his eager devotion; but do not deceive yourself, young woman, he would have been at the church equally early if it had been to bury you.

Tompkins is in many respects an excellent husband, and I do believe is very fond of me; but it is timeliness first and feelings afterwards with him, I know. When business calls him on a journey only one eye drops a tear at parting with his wife and offspring; the other is fixed on the clock to see that the cab is sent for in time to catch the train. That "catching the train" is the thought that makes him thin and keeps him so.

Much of his time is of necessity spent in travelling, but not nearly so much as he spends in preparation for his journeys. The day previous to an expedition is mainly occupied in packing his carpet-bag and writing out his direction labels. He leaves overnight, as in a will, the most elaborate directions for the proceedings of the next morning, with a codicil, appointing that he shall be called half an hour earlier than he at first considered soon enough. This last command is wholly superfluous, since he always wakes of himself long before the appointed hour, and proceeds to ring the house up.

Previous to this he has kept me from my rest since earliest dawn, by perpetually getting out of bed to see whether it is going to be fine. Upon this depends the momentous question, "Shall he take his waterproof coat or not?" If he does, it should be strapped up at once with the other things already lying on the hall table ready for departure; not a moment is to be lost.

His toilet is hasty enough, but not speedy; for in his eager desire on retiring to rest to have everything ready for the morning, he has generally packed up his brushes and comb, or some other indispensable thing, which has to be disintombed from the portmanteau. He generally shaves overnight; but, if not, I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.

Marry a tippler if you like—you may reform him. Marry a spendthrift, and it is possible that your wifely counsels may prevail upon him to moderate his extravagance. Marry even a gambler—he may break some bank and reform. But never marry a fidget, for he is hopeless.

SIBERIAN RUNAWAYS.

THE *taiga* (or forest land which covers thousands of square miles in Siberia) is thickly peopled with runaways, who slowly advance, like a continuous stream, towards the west, moved by the hope of finally reaching their native villages on the other slope of the Urals.

As soon as the cuckoo cries, announcing to the prisoners that the woods are free from their snow covering, that they can shelter a man without the risk of his becoming during the night a motionless block of ice, and that they will soon provide the wanderer with mushrooms and berries, thousands of convicts make their escape from the gold mines and salt works, from the villages where they starved, and from the towns where they concealed themselves. Guided by the polar star, or by the mosses on the trees, or by old runaways who have acquired in the prisons the precious knowledge of the "runaway paths" and "runaway stations," they undertake the long and perilous backward journey.

They pass round Lake Baikal, climbing the high and wild mountains on its shores, or they cross it on a raft, or even in a fish-cask. They avoid the highways, the towns, and the settlements of the Beryates, but freely camp in the woods round the towns, and each spring you see at Tchita the fires of the *chaldons* (runaways) lighted all round the little capital of Transbaikalia, on the wooded slopes of the surrounding mountains. They freely enter also the Russian villages, where they tied up to the present day bread and milk exposed on the windows of the peasants' houses "for the poor runaways."

As long as nothing is stolen by the ramblers, they may be sure of not being disturbed in their journey by the peasants. But as soon as any of them breaks this tacit mutual engagement, the Siberyaks become pitiless. The hunters—and each Siberian village has its trappers—spread through the forests and pitilessly exterminate the runaways, sometimes with an abominable refinement of cruelty. Some thirty years ago

"to hunt the *chaldons*" was a trade, and the human chase has still remained a trade with a few individuals, especially with the *karyma*, or half-breeds. "The antelope gives but one skin," these hunters say, "whilst the *chaldon* gives two at least, his shirt and his coat."

A few runaways find employment on the farms of the peasants, which are spread at great distances from the villages, but these are not very numerous, as the summer is the best season for marching towards the west, and the forests feed and conceal the wanderers during the warm season. True they are filled with clouds of small mosquitos (the terrible *moshka*), and the runaway you meet with in the summer is horrible to see; his face is but one swollen wound; his eyes are inflamed, and hardly seen from beneath the burning and swollen eyelids; his swollen nostrils and mouth are covered with sores. Men and cattle alike go mad from this plague, which continues to pursue them even among the clouds of smoke that are spread round the villages.

But still the runaway pursues his march towards the border-chain of Siberia, and his heart beats stronger as he perceives its bluish hills on the horizon. Twenty, perhaps thirty thousand men are continually living this life, and surely no fewer than one hundred thousand people have tried to make their escape in this way during these last fifty years. How many have succeeded in entering these Russian provinces? Nobody could tell, even approximately.

Thousands have found their graves in the *taiga*, and happy were they whose eyes were closed by a devoted fellow-traveller. Other thousands have returned of their own accord to the lock-ups when the mercury was freezing and the frost stopped the circulation of the last drop of blood in an emaciated body. They submitted themselves to the unavoidable hundred lashes, returned again to Transbaikalia, and next spring tried again the same journey, with more experience. Other thousands have been hunted down, seized, or shot by the Beryates, the *karyma*, or some Siberian trapper. Others, again, were seized a few days after having reached the soil of their "mother Russia," after having thrown themselves at the feet of their old parents, in the village they had left many years ago, to satisfy the caprice of the *ispravnik*, or the jealousy of the local usurer. . . . What an abyss of suffering is concealed behind those three words, "Escape from Siberia!"

"GENTLEMEN," said a pedlar, "these razors were made in a cave, by the light of a diamond, at Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as thought, and are bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night and you will be clean-shaven in the morning."

A MRS. HANNAH JONES raised a tablet to the memory of the departed Jones, who had been a hosier, the inscription on which, after recording his many virtues, wound up with the following couplet:—
He left his hose, his Hannah, and his love,
To go and sing hosannah in the realms above.

AN American is always ready with a caustic remark, when probably an Englishman would lose his temper. An American at dinner ordered champagne. By accident an empty bottle was placed upon the table by the waiter. After examining it carefully, turning it round and round, and upside down, the diner turned to the waiter, and calmly remarked, "I didn't order extra dry."

WE have often heard of the "good old days," and never could understand how they could be any better than the days we live in. But a flood of light is shed upon the subject at last. Only ten tunes were known in England during the first ninety years of our history, and the hand-organ had not found its way to the happy shores of Albion. The matter is all plain now. No wonder the days of long ago are called the good old days.

A BAKER found himself under the necessity of chastising his son for pilfering. The boy, being rather strong, was able to resist successfully. Thereupon the parent hired an assistant, and administered the flagellation with a broom-handle. When the boy cried for quarter the philosophic baker said:

"I won't lick you any more for stealing my money, but I gave this man sixpence for holding you down, and I intend to take that out."

And he had a good sixpennyworth too.

YOUNG Artist (to friend who has recently furnished bachelor's apartments): "Charley, dear boy, I admire your taste. I see you have a little thing of mine hanging there."

Friend: "No, did you paint that?"

Young Artist: "Yes; I'm proud to say it's from my brush. By the way, Charlie, if it's a fair question, what did the dealer charge you for it?"

Friend: "Well—er—to tell the truth, old man, the dealer threw that picture in."

TO LOVERS ALL.



As announced previously, we are anxious to give some loving couple a start in house-keeping. Thousands of young people are longing in vain to taste the joys of matrimony, but are forced to wait while savings slowly accumulate until they reach a figure which enables married life to commence amid fairly comfortable surroundings.

Pearson's Weekly advances to the rescue of these fluttering hearts. Any pair of lovers who resolutely set to work, and interest their relatives and friends in their efforts, can, at no expense to themselves, have a try for this prize.

We will give A HUNDRED POUNDS to an engaged couple who are anxious to be in a position that enables them to set up house-keeping without further delay.

The absolute *bona fides* of this offer are shown by the letter to be found on page 496 from the Rector of the parish in which our offices are situated.

No hard task is set those who wish to relieve the Rev. J. J. H. Septimus Pennington of the £100 which he holds.

The coupon which is printed below will appear in each of the next eight issues. The money will be given to the couple on whose behalf we receive the greatest number of coupons.

The following are the conditions that must be observed. Any infringement of them will disqualify candidates:—

Not more than one coupon of those sent in on behalf of a couple from any one issue must be filled in by the same individual. We wish this competition to be the means of making the paper more widely known, and therefore have laid down the regulation that every person who fills in a coupon shall have bought from a newsagent or bookstall the copy from which it was taken.

This is to prevent any fairly well-to-do person from buying up the paper in large quantities, cutting out the coupons, and getting friends to fill them in.

We have no wish to sell a few thousands extra a week in this way, but we want to induce people to inquire widely for *Pearson's Weekly*.

Careful inquiries will be made before the prize is awarded, with a view to finding out whether these conditions have been complied with.

Begin sending coupons at once, and thus enable us to announce the result promptly.

Write plainly in either pen or pencil. Be careful to fill the coupons up properly. Mark envelopes containing coupons with the word "engaged."

Do not be afraid that by sending coupons early you run any chance of their being mislaid. The greatest precautions will be taken to prevent this, and early receipt will enable us to check the numbers and make enquiries as the competition proceeds, instead of delaying matters while we do so at its close.

No members of the staff, nor any of their relatives or intimate friends may compete.

The Editor reserves the right to arrange any dispute that may arise, and his decision must be final.

At the beginning of next year we shall hold a similar competition, and another will take place every succeeding year.

This coupon has already appeared twice.

ENGAGED COUPLE COUPON.

February 21st, 1891.

I

Address

Have bought a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY of above date at

(Here place name and town of newsagent or bookstall.)

And declare that I should like £100 to be given to

Miss

Address

AND

Mr.

Address

OUR READER'S LETTER BOX.

WHICH LEG IS THE STRONGER?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I read with much interest your answer in last week's number to the above query. I do not pretend to know anything about the strength of the legs from a scientific point of view, but my own impression has always been that as with the right hand so is the right leg the stronger. It is certainly usual to mount a bicycle or a horse from the left foot, and troops start off with the left foot, but I fail to see that this proves the left superior in strength to the right.

In getting into a carriage, one generally, I think, uses his right leg upon which to balance himself; and there is no doubt that in football, in the old-fashioned game of hop, skip, and jump, and in the performance still in vogue of kicking a man downstairs, the right foot is always in requisition.

Another fact which, I think, proves my case is that the left leg when walking becomes, as a rule, more splashed with mud than the right. I know a man who is a perfectly clean walker on his right foot, but is always covered with mire on his left. Of course one leg is splashed from the other, and it seems to me that this fact shows that the more heavy tread is on the right foot, from which it follows that this is the stronger.—Yours faithfully,

Exeter.

RIGHT FOOT FOREMOST.

SHOULD WE COVER OUR PAVEMENTS?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

SIR,—The suggestion made by your correspondent CIVIS to cover our bridges "with light and elegant structures of iron and glass," is impracticable on many grounds. As you say, bridges thus sheltered would simply prove a shelter from the stormy blast, to say nothing of affording a nightly retreat for the outcast and the rough element of society.

The expense, too, would be enormous, considering the fact that breakages from hailstorms, rain, and wind are of frequent occurrence. Again, a staff of men would have to be employed constantly in cleaning the glass.

The only advantage that could possibly accrue from these glass houses would be in letting them for a fixed sum per week as "shelters" to General Booth, who would then be able to count his outcasts without fear of refutation, and might perhaps rig them up some coffin beds and dose them with skilly at small cost.

What would be much more serviceable, and what is certainly more necessary than this, is the roofing of our pathways with structures, not necessarily glass, but made of a light, rain-proof material. We have nothing in London to equal the shops of Paris, whose streets of which are protected in this way.

The advantages are obvious. On a wet day no one stays to look in a shop window in London, and the proprietor of the establishment suffers accordingly. In Paris one need never be deterred from shopping because of the inclement weather.

There is no reason why light, handsome colonnades should not be built, say, along Oxford Street and Regent Street. They would certainly add to the beauty of our West End thoroughfares, and whilst affording shelter to pedestrians, would stimulate trade. If every shopkeeper would consent to pay his share, the scheme could, I think, be easily carried out.—Yours very truly,

Oxford Street, London, W.

A SHOPWALKER.

HOW MANY MEALS SHOULD WE EAT A DAY?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me a little space to advocate some theories of mine regarding the number of meals which should be taken daily by an ordinarily healthy individual?

Most people take three or four meals a day; some who have a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter in the afternoon make as many as five. This, I maintain, is putting an altogether excessive amount of work upon the digestive organs. No savage—and it is to the savage we must, as a rule, look for the perfection of healthful living—eats so many meals a day as four. They often eat one only, seldom more than two.

Many people have a theory that if one has to work hard one must eat well. That is all right. One must eat well, but it does not follow that one must eat often. No people work harder than the Chinese, and no Chinaman eats more than two meals a day.

A good meal in the morning, and another as evening comes on are quite sufficient to maintain anyone in health—are, indeed, far more calculated to maintain a proper state of health than the frequent stuffing which is in vogue among civilised people.

There was a time when I ate four meals a day, and would have laughed at the idea of eating fewer, but years ago I was much troubled with indigestion, and

came to the conclusion that I would attempt to effect a cure where doctors had failed. I tried all sorts of remedies, and finally determined to see the effect of lessening the number of my meals. At first the remedy seemed to increase the disease, but after a few weeks my attacks became much less frequent, and eventually they completely disappeared. I attribute this entirely to the change in the number of my meals, for I eat the same kind of food now as I used when I ate twice as often.

I do not pretend that eating two meals a day will cure every ill to which flesh is heir, but I do believe that many people would gain immensely in health if they ceased to load their stomachs with food at intervals of three or four hours all through the day.

At all events, no great harm can result from giving the system a trial, and I hope that if you insert this letter it may induce some of your readers to follow my example.—Yours faithfully,

Bournemouth.

CLERICUS.

ARE CLOAK-ROOMS IN CHURCHES DESIRABLE?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—My opinion on this matter is that if cloak-rooms were introduced in our churches and chapels, they would never be used. It is a sorry fact that worship is often disturbed by the thought of the possibility of one's losing his hat or umbrella during the service.

Of course this feeling is only present with those suspicious individuals who, like myself, have at one time or another been deprived of their belongings, and who do not trust their neighbours farther than they can see them. I am unfortunate enough to have lost both an umbrella and a silk hat in a sacred edifice, and although I received a *quid pro quo* for my "topper," I was not at all satisfied with the exchange.

My umbrella was placed upon the seat at the back of me, and abstracted during the singing of a hymn by an absent-minded individual who had to leave early, whilst on another occasion my hat was deftly removed from under my chair whilst attending St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

If cloak-rooms were instituted they would simply prove fair game for any rogue who cared to substitute his property for other of more value. The fact of placing an attendant at the door of the room would be of no avail, unless tickets were given, as they are at receptions. Besides, there is the necessary confusion that would arise in coming and going.

When, sir, you find club-houses, and even the House of Commons, fit quarry for nimble-fingered gentlemen, it is not likely that churches would be spared.

The entrance to a church might with advantage be utilised for the reception of umbrellas alone, as it sometimes is, and proper attendants left in charge, as at our museums, whilst the pennies would go to swell the coffers of the Establishment.—Yours truly,

Westminster.

AN ARDENT CHURCHGOER.

HOW DID YOU CATCH THAT COLD?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—This is a question that one very often hears just now. Pretty nearly every one of my male acquaintances is suffering from a more or less severe cold, and most of them are puzzled to know how they caught it. You had an article in one of your early numbers headed, if I remember rightly, OVERCOAT COLDS, which showed how the habit of wearing an overcoat when walking fast, and thus getting into a perspiration, was apt to induce severe colds. There is, however, another kind of cold, which I believe is just as common, and is entirely unsuspected by nine men out of ten. It may be called the "Office-coat Cold."

Most men keep an office coat into which they get as soon as they arrive at their office. This coat has been hanging up all night, very likely against a damp wall, and is therefore certainly quite cool; very likely slightly damp as well. The owner takes off the coat which he has worn when walking to the office, puts on a cold coat, which must naturally strike a chill into the pores which have been opened by the exercise he has just taken, and, I believe, very often thus unintentionally gives himself a cold.

No doubt many people will pooh-pooh this notion. All I can say to them is, that since I have exercised sufficient common sense to permit myself to cool down for half-an-hour before changing my coat, and have taken the additional precaution of warming my office coat before the fire in very cold weather before putting it on, I have not suffered from nearly as many colds as I used to contract in the days when I neglected these precautions.—Yours very truly,

Salford.

E. E.

For all letters published we pay at the rate of two guineas a column or about 5d. a line. Senders of letters should, therefore, enclose name and address. It must please be understood that we do not identify ourselves with opinions advanced on this page. They are those of the writers of the letters; we merely exercise supervision over the general nature of the correspondence.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

MR. GLADSTONE wears red socks.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is about to cut off his beard.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, who is, no doubt, the busiest literary man in London, was once a compositor.

MRS. LANGTRY is the most expert swordswoman on the stage. She will show her skill in this direction in the next play she produces.

THE nearest living relative of Shakespeare is probably Thomas Hart, a resident of Australia, who is eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister, Joan.

LEWIS CARROLL, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," is a senior student of Christ Church, Oxford. He has a beautiful suite of rooms in the north-west corner of Wolsey's great quadrangle, which at one time was a veritable children's paradise. Never did rooms contain so many cupboards, and never did cupboards contain such endless stores of fascinating things. Musical boxes, mechanical toys, picture books without end come forth in bewildering abundance before the eyes of his child friends. He is a good amateur photographer, and has, probably, more photographs of children than any man living.

ONE of the most remarkable business men in London is Mr. Alfred W. Ranger, the solicitor to the Salvation Army. He is totally blind, having lost his sight at the age of fourteen. Until he was one-and-twenty he did nothing in particular. At that age he went to a school at Worcester, and afterwards matriculated at Oxford, when he took his M.A. and D.C.L. degrees, and was *proxime accessit* for the Vinerian Law Scholarship. He was then articled to a solicitor in the Old Jewry, was admitted in 1879, took an office, and started business with one clerk. He has now a very large business indeed, and is recognised as one of the ablest solicitors in practice.

THE Dowager Duchess of Montrose is, as everybody knows, the keenest woman-sportsman on the turf, and manages the whole of her large racing establishment herself. She is now nearly seventy years of age, and was a few years ago married to a young man named Harry Milner, who affects sporting tendencies, besides attending to the necessities of his "better half," which he does with great assiduity. The Duchess possesses one of the finest houses among the fine houses of Belgrave Square, and here may be seen the room kept sacred to the memory of her late husband, Mr. Stirling-Craufurd. It remains as he left it, just as if he might one day be expected to return, hang up his whip and coat, and sit down to study the racing calendar.

THE Poet Laureate's objection to the society of his fellow subjects amounts almost to monomania. His lordship is about to take a trip abroad, but insists upon the utmost privacy being afforded him, which means that he will have to charter a ship of his own. I doubt, however, whether Lord Tennyson is so oblivious to public attention as he makes himself out to be. I heard a good story concerning him just recently:—

He was taking a country walk with a friend, when a fellow-creature was espied in the distance.

"We must turn back," said the poet; "that fellow means to waylay us."

His companion persuaded him, however, to continue on their path. They caught up the enemy and passed him. He took no notice of them whatever.

"What an extraordinary thing," cried the irate poet, "the fellow seems to have no idea who I am!"

AMONG the younger sons-in-law of the royal house none is more universally liked than the Marquis of Lorne. There is an unaffectedness, about his lordship that gains him popularity and praise wherever he goes. Lord Lorne lives a quiet life, and is not what is popularly known as either a "sporting" or a "society" man. His chief bent is in the direction of literature and politics, and these he cultivates assiduously, in preference to following the pleasures of the turf or the ball-room. In politics, the Marquis of Lorne is a Liberal-Unionist, and affects socialistic tendencies. He has already had a seat in the House of Commons, and contested Hampstead in the Liberal interest in 1885. People said that had he solicited their suffrages surrounded by all the pomp and pageant attaching to the Queen's son-in-law, he might have worked upon their political feelings and prejudices to greater advantage. But Lord Lorne trusted to his powers of oratory alone, and instead of going to his meetings in a golden chariot used to enlist the services of the humble four-wheeler. Lord Lorne always assured the Radical "hecklers" who protested against his high estate that he would be positively glad if they would call him "Jack Campbell." His lordship's indifference to the result of the election was shown by the fact of his absenting himself on the night of the declaration of the poll. It is said that he slept as soundly on that night as ever he had done in his life.

POPULAR PAPERS.—NO. VII.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD

WHEN I called at the magnificent offices of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD, in Fleet Street, I saw Mr. Herbert Clarke, and conversations with him and other members of the staff put me in possession of the following facts. The paper was started in April, 1857, by a Baptist minister, named Whittemore. Though founded by a Baptist, it was never the organ of that or of any other particular religious denomination. It was intended to be a combination of a weekly newspaper and a general religious periodical, utterly unsectarian, and laid down upon the broadest possible religious basis.

Mr. Whittemore was not a journalist, and engaged as editor of his paper Mr. James Clarke, who had previously been a reporter in the House of Commons. After conducting THE CHRISTIAN WORLD for a short time Mr. Clarke went North to become editor of a daily paper in Newcastle. But he never completely severed his connection with THE CHRISTIAN WORLD, and while at Newcastle was a frequent contributor to its columns.

Mr. Whittemore found that he was unable to get on without his former editor's assistance, and so prevailed upon Mr. Clarke to return to London and resume the direction of the paper. Shortly after this reinstatement of the original editor, Mr. Whittemore died, and his widow sold THE CHRISTIAN WORLD to Mr. Clarke.

This was in 1860, and the three years that had elapsed since the founding of the paper had not seen it reach the paying point. However, Mr. Clarke was strongly imbued with the belief that it was destined to become successful, and having obtained the controlling influence, set to work with a will to make those innovations and improvements which he believed were required.

Fortune decreed that the next year should see the repeal of the paper duties, which pressed so heavily upon the periodicals then in existence. The relief thus gained proved the turning point in the career of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD, which took a fresh start, and became a property in a very short space of time.

The original firm of James Clarke & Co. consisted of the late Mr. James Clarke and two other gentlemen, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Howat. The latter was connected with THE PATRIOT, which developed into THE INDEPENDENT, a paper which still remains the property of the firm.

Mr. Howat died in 1872, and in 1873 his death was followed by that of Mr. Pratt, so Mr. Clarke became again the sole proprietor of the business. As his sons grew up, he took them into partnership, but no one out of the family has entered the firm, and when Mr. Clarke died, in 1888, the business passed to his three sons, the eldest of whom, Mr. James Greville Clarke, edits THE CHRISTIAN WORLD, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. Herbert Clarke.

Before giving any further particulars regarding the paper which is the subject of this article, it will be well to briefly allude to the other journals which have sprung from it. They were established owing to the fact that the limits of space did not, in Mr. Clarke's opinion, allow certain subjects to be adequately discussed in THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

The first of them was THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES, which was founded in 1860, and which, as its name implies, is devoted to subjects of special interest to Sunday School teachers.

In 1868 THE LITERARY WORLD was brought out, its mission being to deal more fully with new books than was possible in the columns of the parent paper.

With a weekly newspaper the work must necessarily come in rushes, leaving a certain amount of time comparatively unoccupied. So it was in those early days decreed that every member of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD staff should review at least one book every week for THE LITERARY WORLD. But now that paper has developed to an extent which renders indispensable the services of numerous outside contributors and of writers who are experts upon various subjects, so the original rule is a dead letter, and THE LITERARY WORLD has a large independent staff.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD PULPIT, which first appeared twenty years ago, is another offshoot. Its pages are devoted exclusively to reports of sermons preached by the leading divines of every denomination, and it is very largely read by clergy all over the kingdom.

The fiction and general household matter of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD developed, in 1878, into THE FAMILY CIRCLE, which was an immediate and great success, and is to-day more popular than ever in thousands of homes.

While four distinct departments, of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD have been developed thus, the subjects to which they relate are still treated in the columns of the parent paper, to as great an extent as space will permit. In this brief allusion to the other journals which are published at 13 and 14, Fleet Street, I must not forget that best of all monthlies for quite little

children—THE ROSEBUD—which is edited by Mr. Herbert Clarke, and is deservedly successful.

Like THE EXCHANGE AND MART, which formed the subject of a recent article, THE CHRISTIAN WORLD is scrupulously particular in the matter of advertisements. No announcement that is in any degree questionable finds its way into the paper, and though the revenue from advertisements is considerably decreased by this ultra-particular policy, the great reputation which it has resulted in gaining for the paper probably more than repays the apparent loss.

The circulation of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD is wonderfully steady. The seasons do not affect it; indeed, it is subject to very little fluctuation at all. I may mention here that during the May Meetings a daily edition of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD appears—the only instance, so far as I am aware, of the regular periodical issue in this country of a daily paper in connection with a weekly.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD has correspondents all over the globe. The paper also retains the services of a roving correspondent, whose articles, written over the signature "Christopher Crayon," are a very popular feature. He is quite an elderly man, and spends most of his life in travelling about and writing descriptive letters to the paper. He receives a regular salary, and has all his expenses paid. Just now "Christopher Crayon" is on his way to the Cape, having already traversed Canada and Australia in the interests of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Perhaps the most important feature of the paper is the "Chronicle of the Churches," which is unique. It gives particulars of work that is being done in connection with religious denominations of all sorts, and news that is of special interest to each.

Most of the matter for this feature is supplied by regular paid correspondents of the paper. It often fills nearly three whole pages of very small type, and the editing and classification employ almost the whole time of several members of the staff.

Though it seems a curious statement to make, there is no doubt that the domestic advertisements in THE CHRISTIAN WORLD (I allude to those which come under the headings of "Situations Vacant" and "Situations Wanted") form one of the most popular features of the paper. No other weekly paper in the world has so many, and but few dailies can rival it in this respect. An immensity of pains is taken to secure a careful classification, so that anyone consulting them can find what is wanted without trouble, and there is no question that this is one of the very best mediums for advertisements of this description.

The serial story has always been a strong feature of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD. The late Mr. James Clarke believed in the "one man" theory so far as this department was concerned, and from the time that he assumed the control of the paper until her death, Mrs. Emma Jane Worboise wrote the continued story. Since then the serial has, as a rule, been contributed by Mrs. Amelia Barr, who lives in America, but who has not held the monopoly granted to her predecessor. The story which is just now appearing is by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, one of the most popular story-writers in the Midlands and North of England.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD was originally printed on the flat; but as its circulation grew it was found impossible to turn the issue out speedily enough, so, in 1878, two Marinoni machines, each with a capacity of 10,000 copies an hour, were laid down.

However, even this arrangement became inadequate, for the supplements that were frequently found to be necessary delayed the issues.

In 1884 Mr. Percy Clarke, when over in New York, went to see the famous maker of printing machinery, Mr. Hoe, and endeavoured to arrange for the laying down of a machine which would turn out a sixteen-page copy of the paper with a four or eight-page supplement as was required. At first Mr. Hoe declared this to be impossible; but eventually the contract for machinery capable of doing this was signed. But there was a long delay before the new machinery, which, from first to last, cost not far short of ten thousand pounds, was installed, and it was not working until last October.

It has a capacity of 24,000 copies of sixteen, twenty, or twenty-four pages each per hour, and the papers are folded, cut, and counted in one operation. The introduction of this machinery enables THE CHRISTIAN WORLD to go to press late on Wednesday night and yet be on Thursday morning's breakfast table—that is to say, it is turned out with almost the celerity of a daily paper. Events occurring late on Wednesday evening can be noticed in the next day's issue.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD has emphatically been the work of one man. The late Mr. James Clarke gave the best years of his life to making it the powerful organ that it is, and succeeded in a task which few men could have accomplished. He was what may be termed a magnetic man, and had the faculty of inspiring his subordinates with his own steadfastness of purpose and energy.

This series has already comprised—No. 1. TIT-BITS. No. 2. THE EXCHANGE AND MART. No. 3. THE WAR CRY. No. 4. THE STAR. No. 5. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. No. 6. THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

IS MANKIND GROWING TALLER?

SOME interesting researches bearing upon this question are, we hear from a correspondent, in progress in the United States. The result of these inquiries goes far to show that the height of the American has been and still is steadily increasing, so that, within a reasonable number of centuries, the men of to-day will be looked back upon as a race of pigmies compared with the giants of the future.

These conclusions agree with certain inferences which have been drawn regarding the height of mankind generally, an inch every thousand years being, by some anthropologists, considered about the average linear increase of the race. In any case, the actual facts flatly contradict the popular conclusions which affirm that of old the world was peopled by giants, and that we, in these degenerate times, are becoming dwarfed in stature as the price paid for enlargement of the brain.

In America the improvement in physique is even more marked than in Europe. This fact, curiously enough, can be proved by the incontrovertible evidence of the tailor.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, a well-known statistician, remembering that by far the greater number of his countrymen buy their clothes ready made, sent out a circular to the different dealers in New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, Detroit, Austin, and Montreal, asking for the average sizes of the garments which they sell.

The answers he received show that the New Englanders and Canadians average from five feet eight and a half inches to five feet nine inches in height, while the men of the south and west are fully one inch taller.

In Western America the tailors have been obliged year after year to enlarge their measurements, so that the sizes which were saleable ten years ago are apt to hang upon their hands, simply because the customers are now taller, and stouter, and of greater girth about the chest.

Again, different sections of the country vary very much as regards the roominess of clothes which their inhabitants require. An experienced assistant will, for instance, at once pick out the coats, waistcoats, shirts, and trousers suitable for the southern and south-western trade, and reject those unfitted for the western and northern markets. In Texas it is found that the waist measure has increased from an average of thirty-two to thirty-three inches during the past five years.

A like increase is noted regarding the Southerners; though, judging from the sizes of 750,000 suits sold in the cotton States, we conclude that, though the Westerner is rather broader in the chest than the Southerner, the latter is more muscular in the leg.

In Detroit the Germans are found to have large waists and short legs, the French small waists and legs, the "Yankees" small waists and long legs, and the Jews medium waists and short legs, though here also the tailors note a decided demand for larger sizes than they formerly used. It thus appears that the American man is decidedly gaining in size and weight.

If this has happened during "twenty years of the American frying-pan, dyspeptic bread, pale pie, and vile cooking in general," what, Mr. Atkinson asks, "may be expected when the American women learn to cook?"

In no European country are there sufficient statistics, extending over a long period, which would enable one to obtain similar facts regarding the old-world branches of the race. There is, however, every ground for believing that, so far from man, even in this hemisphere, degenerating in physique, he is actually improving.

THEY say that the reason why so few lent books are returned is because it is so much easier to retain them than their contents.

A BALD-HEADED man, in anticipation of the summer season, has had a spider painted on the top of his head to frighten off the flies.

It was at a country hotel. The single stranger who sat down to dinner was amazed when the waiter handed him a printed bill of fare, which began with oyster soup and ran down to four kinds of fruit tart and chocolate ice cream.

"I'll take oyster soup," said the guest.

"Y-e-s, but we haven't got any," replied the waiter.

"Very well, give me some baked cod."

"We are out of that, too."

"Then bring me roast fowl and fried potatoes."

"We haven't got any of 'em, sir. All we've got is cold beef, boiled taters, asparagus, and bread."

At that moment the landlord entered the room and the guest called out:

"Look here, landlord, what sort of trick do you call this?"

"What? Oh, that bill of fare? My dear sir, let me explain. My uncle kept a seaside hotel, and he failed. He had thirty thousand bills of fare on hand, and I bought them at a private sale for six shillings. These are hard times—very hard—and we must utilise everything, and keep up style at the same time, you know."

LEMONADE.

ONCE my love and I together,
In the midst of summer weather,
Made some lemonade, and found it most astonishingly
nice;
How she squeezed the lemons neatly,
Touched their severed halves discreetly
With her dainty, milk-white fingers, and I tried to
pound the ice.

Then I whispered words concerning
Certain hopes—the words were burning,
Though I think the ice had rendered a less ardent lover
chilly,
But her sweetness, who could doubt it?
Not a trace of tart about it,
If the air did smell of lemons as I murmured some-
thing silly.

Ah! there's nothing more beguiling
Than a pretty girl, who, smiling,
Asks your help in squeezing lemons, to compound some
lemonade.
For white hands can look so pleasing
That the necessary squeezing
Isn't all done on the lemons, as it should be, I'm afraid.

THE COST OF WINNING THE
WATERLOO CUP.

CAN money purchase the Waterloo Cup? This is a question that has often been asked, and recent events have proved that in coursing, as in almost everything else, the "almighty dollar" holds powerful sway.

Of course a man who possesses an unlimited banking account stands as good a chance of winning at some time or another the Waterloo Cup as the Derby. He can purchase the very best blood, engage the most capable trainers, and build suitable accommodation for breeding purposes. No reverses ever damp his ardour; he goes on year by year monopolising the best, and if he lives long enough he one day gains his prize.

Colonel North is an example of this. He possessed a burning desire to carry off the great coursing trophy, and set about it in the right way. Of course he was favoured by luck. At one sale the Colonel gave £2,000 for a dozen dogs, paying for one of these alone, the celebrated Fullerton, the enormous sum of £892 10s. This proved a very successful speculation, for Fullerton, as all the world knows, has won for his owner the blue ribbon of the coursing turf.

But everyone is not so lucky as the Colonel. There are many men who year by year go on spending thousands of pounds upon their kennels in the hope—too often a vain one—of gaining the coveted prize. Many owners keep separate banking accounts for their coursing establishments, and I know of one who, a short time ago, had no less than £20,000 placed to his debit on this score. This, however, is by no means the largest sum lost, and I should imagine that such men as the Messrs. Fawcett, of Liverpool, and Mr. Russell, of Dundas Castle, have suffered much larger losses than this. Yet they all look forward to one day carrying off the cup.

As to the actual cost of a coursing kennel, I will try to show how these large sums come to be expended.

"To lead a dog's life" is not generally accepted as the most happy and luxurious state of existence. Like a policeman's, the life of a dog is not generally credited with being a happy one, yet I have a shrewd suspicion that many an East End docker during the past severe winter would have gladly exchanged places with the luxurious inmates of a coursing establishment. A greyhound occupies a warm and spacious kennel, he is well clothed and well fed, and from his birth is treated like the heir to a Dukedom.

From the moment he is weaned he laps the freshest milk, and is nourished on the finest of oatmeal and the whitest of bread. His daily broth is made from the best of bullocks' and sheeps' heads. So soon as he reaches his first birthday he is taken by his nurse for easy and regular exercise, and should the day be at all chilly, he is covered with soft clothing, at a cost that would furnish our docker with a Sunday suit. When he is old enough to be put to school, and to compete with his fellows in a coursing match, he has specially prepared food to suit his growing capacities of digestion, which often means giving him the best cuts from a joint of mutton.

Should the coursing-meeting be at some distance from his home, his trainer travels with him in a reserved compartment, and sees him safely housed at night in a loose box at a cost of half a sovereign. A covered carriage is ready on the ground for his reception wherein to await the contest. After each trial in which he engages, he is rubbed down with cloths and has his limbs softened with embrocation; while—and here comes another attraction that mortal man might envy—a "wee drappie" of good old Scotch is insinuated into his throat.

Should the dog win a handsome stake, a photographer is immediately wired for to celebrate the event, and the unconscious beauty takes his place among the celebrities of the day. At once his name is enrolled upon the pages of history, in the "Dogs' Debrett,"

possibly, in course of time, to be talked of as a famous sire—the founder of a great name and the parent of distinguished pups.

If at any time a famous dog should fall sick, or illness disturb his tender frame, he is nursed and doctored like an only son. As an instance of the pitch to which this sort of thing is carried, I may mention the occasion when the late Mr. Hutton, the eminent bone-setter, was telegraphed for to journey in hot haste from Paris, where he was then staying, to Alcar, for the purpose of attending to a dislocation of the toe that had unluckily disabled the celebrated greyhound, "Miss Glendyne," during the running of the Waterloo Cup.

Special trains were engaged in France and England, and a steamer chartered to cross the Channel; but Mr. Hutton arrived just ten minutes too late for Miss Glendyne to contest the course. The injured toe, however, was at once set right; and as the famous greyhound immediately after "felt her feet," there is every reason to believe that if Mr. Hutton had arrived in time she would have carried off the prize for the third time, and thus landed an enormous sum for her backers.

As it is, Master McGrath is the only greyhound that has won the cup three times, and so extraordinary was the feat supposed to be, that his owner, Lord Lurgan, was especially invited by the Queen to bring the dear dog for her inspection. Her Majesty might with good precedent have knighted the hero for his famous deeds, for did not a monarch of former days dub a piece of beef Sir Loin?

As to the actual cost of all this to the owners of a kennel, I know of one establishment that involves an expenditure of little less than £3,000 a year. Here are some of the items that have to be met:—

The head trainer takes £300 a year in salary; food and straw costs £1,000, clothing £80, helpers £450, entries for stakes £400, and expenses at meetings, say, £150. The cost of kennels can be put down at £250, with £50 a year for licences.

As in horse-racing, most people have an idea that much of the money an owner of greyhounds expends comes back to him in successful bets. This is a mistake, for, as I have already inferred, unless a man can afford to buy the very best animals procurable, he generally has a comparatively small chance of winning a great stake, and often backs anybody's stud but his own, preferring to accept the loss as necessary expenditure on a pastime or a hobby. In former days it was possible to back a dog to win as much as ten and fifteen thousand pounds for its owner; now it would be difficult to back a nomination to win as much as five thousand pounds.

All sorts and conditions of men are to be found among the owners of greyhounds. The House of Lords is represented by the Marquis of Anglesey and Lord Fermoy, the House of Commons by Mr. Hamar Bass, trade by Mr. Rist, a meat purveyor, and Mr. Graham, a grocer; while literature provides Mr. Harding Cox, proprietor of the FIELD and the QUEEN. Messrs. Fawcett, of Liverpool, and Mr. M. G. Hale, of London, are merchants, and Mr. A. H. Jones, is a banker; Mr. T. P. Hale a farmer; while Dr. Salter is a member of the medical profession. On the Stock Exchange is to be found Mr. Quihampton, and in the army Captain McCalmont, and Major Graham Edwardes, all ardent followers of this fascinating pastime.

Many men there are who, born with a keen love of animals and of genuine sport, would like to be able to afford the delights of possessing a well-stocked kennel. Almost as many, probably, would be perfectly satisfied if they got no farther than the indulgencies afforded the petted puppy.

It is the successful theatrical manager who has much to thank his stars for.

"THERE," said the editor, to a visitor, "is one of our most indefatigable writers of fiction."

"Indeed, what novel has he written?"

"Oh, he never wrote a novel; he merely copies the weather report."

"Miss ROSIE is very pretty."

"Yes, and she knows it and is very vain over it."

"You don't say?"

"Fact. Say that girl has worn out four looking-glasses looking at herself."

Two old friends met accidentally for the first time in ten or fifteen years.

"Well," he said, "you are still Lucy Benderby, are you?"

"Yes," she replied, "still Lucy Benderby."

"It isn't your fault, I know," he rejoined, meaning to say something complimentary. "That is," he added, nervously, feeling that he had not expressed himself exactly in the way he had intended, "I mean that you are not to blame, you know. You couldn't help it—er—that is, it is the fault of the young men. They, you know," he went on, breaking out in a profuse perspiration, "couldn't be expected—h'm—ha—to—er—well, I must be going. So glad to have met you again."

THE DIAMOND BUSINESS.

As a romantic, precarious occupation diamond seeking at Kimberley is at an end. The whole business is reduced to a system, and is as prosaic and well organised as making calico or any other industry. The doctrine of averages has fixed within pretty close limits the yield of diamonds in carats per so many cubic feet of ground, and the value of the diamonds varies according to the fluctuations of trade. A good harvest in America means so many shillings a carat in Kimberley, and war rumours or panics on the Continental Bourses send down the barometer in the diamond market with surprising rapidity.

The individual digger has long since disappeared, and his place has been taken by joint-stock companies, whose shares are in great demand. The pick and shovel have been superseded by dynamite. Regular mining underground is coming more and more into vogue, instead of the open quarry system, which created the huge pits and chasms that astonish the visitor. One thing only is constant.

Now, as ever, all the manual work about the mines is done by black labour: the white man is an overseer, a boss, perhaps a mechanic; but the actual work—the drilling, the striking, the manual labour—is done by the natives, of whom some fifteen or twenty thousand are constantly employed, and have been employed since the discovery of the fields, in constantly-changing relays. Members of every tribe in South and South-eastern Africa meet in this vast labour exchange. They tramp down from regions where no white man has ever penetrated, work for a few months, and plod wearily back loaded with their modest purchases and filled with such lessons as the compounds and the canteens of Kimberley can teach.

Their wages are good—now 15s. a week. A few years ago they got 30s., but the supply of labour has overtaken the demand, and the necessities of life are cheaper. Only quite lately the companies have taken to shutting their natives up in large barracks or compounds to prevent the theft of diamonds, which took place to a ruinous extent. I visited one of these, in which some fifteen hundred labourers were locked up.

The men themselves seemed jolly and happy, and the evidence of the growth of civilisation was not wanting in the shape of a rubber of whist played by four naked barbarians. The men contract for three months' confinement, which is, of course, entirely voluntary. The canteen interest, which has been almost ruined by the enforced seclusion of its best customers, is making desperate efforts to bring about legislative interference with the new system; it is to be hoped in the interests of good order and morality that they may fail.

THE MOST LIBERAL
RAILWAY INSURANCE
EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week recognised.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or the page of such copy containing this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line at the foot of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the

OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.,
Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C.,
and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Book-stalls on Tuesday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Tuesday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature.....

FACTS.

MARCH is the slackest month of the year for business. It is computed that 950,000 dinners and lunches are served daily in London restaurants.

NEARLY 60,000 tons of cork are used for bottling beer and mineral waters consumed annually in England.

ELIZABETH PRINGLE, a Berkshire woman, whose death is just reported, was, for the probably unparalleled period of seventy-one years, a servant on the farm of Ninewells Mains.

THE idea entertained by some people that violin-playing is bad for the health is not wholly without foundation. Unless care is taken that the instrument is held in a proper position, the chest may be contracted, and a young girl may even become hump-backed.

QUESTIONS very difficult of solution are sometimes put to boys by their tutors. The following is a query which recently formed part of an examination paper set for boys of under thirteen at Winchester College:—"If it takes a clock six seconds to strike six, how long will it take it to strike twelve?" To the ten first boys of under fifteen who sent the correct reply to this we will forward a gold-plated pencil case. We may as well say at once that the correct reply is not twelve.

A RICH man in St. Petersburg died leaving orders that his sealed will should be opened twelve months from his death. When opened it contained another sealed packet, with instructions that it must not be opened for a year. The will had seven seals, the last of which has only just been broken, although the testator died six years ago. The money went to his nieces and nephews, a fourth to be invested till 1910, and then handed to the nephew who was blessed with the most numerous family.

WALKING-STICKS are being turned to novel purposes by an inventive manufacturer. From one a silk umbrella emerges, and, screwed into the handle, answers every purpose; in another a dozen pennies are stowed away; another contains a measure for the height of horses, with a spirit level attached; while another, with a crystal handle, shows the face of a watch, which tells the time perfectly. Raising the lid, it is easily wound up as required, and the crystal shows the hands distinctly.

HOW THE Y.M.C.A. HAS GROWN.—The "grain of mustard seed" has indeed become a tree of the forest! A small band of young men, meeting weekly in a London coffee-house, and paying half-a-crown for each exercise of the privilege. Forty-six years later a mighty organisation of 300,000 members, and having 4,000 branches! Such is the record of the Young Men's Christian Association, which, besides sixty-six sections in London, and 609 throughout the country, has spread to Europe, the colonies, the United States, Japan, and India. Up to date, its last branch had been established at Jerusalem, on Mount Zion.

NATURAL BAIT.—There is a species of terrapin at the Zoological Gardens which is in the fortunate position of not having to work for a living. Like the children in the fairy tale, it has simply to open its mouth and food will drop in. In the mouth of this reptile is a little tag of flesh, which is in continual vibration, and nearly always visible, for the creature remains open-mouthed for hours together. It is believed that the sight of this is particularly alluring to the piscine mind; the fish commits the very pardonable though fatal error of mistaking it for a wriggling worm, and in trying to take the bait is caught in the trap and swallowed.

WHAT IS BENEATH US?—It is known as a fact in geology, that below the depth of thirty feet the earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend. On an average the increase is at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every fifth foot. At the bottom of the mines in Cornwall—a depth of one thousand two hundred feet—the thermometer stands at eighty-eight, equal to high summer heat. At this rate rocks and metals would be melted twenty miles below the surface; and down in the bowels of the earth, several hundred miles, the heat would be ten thousand times hotter than melted iron. Who is there that can wonder at earthquakes, when all things rest on a molten sea of fire?

A LONG RIDE.—A big ride is shortly to be attempted by one of the best known of our gentlemen steeple-chase riders, a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery. He proposes to start early in March from Quetta, and proceed to Afghanistan, *via* Cabul, Balkh, Bokhara, and Khiva, and so into Russia; then across Russia, entering Germany near Warsaw, and so on to Calais; or else from Kurrachee through Beloochistan and Persia, crossing the Caucasus into Russia. The gallant gunner proposes to take two horses, leading and riding each in turn, and hopes to be able to accomplish 200 miles per week on an average. As he intends to publish his experiences in the event of success, we may look forward to a book that will rival, if it does not excel in interest, Captain Burnaby's work on his famous ride to Khiva.

THE tallest and shortest people of Europe, the Norwegians and the Laps, live side by side.

It is calculated that for the summer trade alone in England from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 of oysters are imported every year.

It is not generally known that the Queen in widow's weeds still appears on the three-cent and six-cent postage-stamps of Newfoundland. The one-cent stamp of the same country shows the Prince of Wales's portrait as a boy. A rare stamp of the colony of Victoria bears a representation of the Queen sitting on her throne.

ANOTHER magnificent Ceylon cat's-eye is on its way to London. It was found at Akuressa, in the southern province of Ceylon, and is described as having a perfect ray—the ray from the pupil being to the cat's-eye what sparkle and purity are to the diamond. Its weight is 157 carats, and the value placed upon it is £3,000. The present owners paid 25,000 rupees for it, taking all the risk of the cutting.

THE street dust of our large towns has been examined and analysed, and has been found to contain fragments of hay and straw, hairs and fibres, pollen of plants, cotton and woollen filaments, wings and other fragments of insects, spores and germs of organisms, besides fine particles of lime, coal-dust, sand, metal, iron, etc. The dust out of rooms, too, is of the same character, accompanied by minute fibres, hairs, and scales from skins.

SOMEONE explained learnedly at dinner the other evening the origin of the custom of pairing off. He said the custom of pairing off the guests existed in the middle ages, with this difference, that each couple were only allowed a single plate and drinking cup. It was the duty of the gentleman to cut up the meat, while the lady made it her business to place the morsels in her companion's mouth. Meanwhile they both drank out of the same cup.

A CORRESPONDENT OF NATURE has collected the smoke deposited on a little plot of ground, and obtained from it two grains of soot. Supposing that soot is deposited as plentifully elsewhere in the 110 square miles which London covers, this would give for the whole area 1,000 tons. As the quantity measured fell in ten days, a month's allowance would need 1,000 horses to cart it off, and these stretched in line would extend four miles. Hence London's black fogs.

MANUFACTURING MUMMIES.—It is said there is a good deal of fraud in the Egyptian mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well preserved and natural looking as possible, and as those found are generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, vendors have engaged in the manufacture of bogus mummies. They bargain with tramps, beggars, and such people for their defunct carcasses, paying therefor a sufficient sum to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled and then smoked until they are good imitations of the genuine mummy. Whole rows of these articles can be seen in smoke houses at once. When sufficiently dry they are wrapped in mummy cloth and sold, to Americans, chiefly, bringing a high price.

WHAT BURGLARS ARE DOING.—Householders in lonely suburbs of London will be glad to hear that, so far as can be learned from the rather belated report of the Commissioner of Police, professional burglary is in a declining way. The number of burglaries recorded by the metropolitan police in 1889 was 463, as against 499 in the preceding year. The total value of property stolen on these occasions was £3,199 only, of which £541 was recovered. The housebreaking cases numbered 1,319, which again shows a falling off as compared with 1888, when they were 1,408. Altogether the housebreakers of 1889 possessed themselves of property valued at £10,957, of which £739 was recovered. In the majority of the burglary cases, as well as in a large proportion of the housebreaking cases, the depredators contrived to get in through a door or a window carelessly left open in spite of the repeated warnings of the police.

DESPERATE DANCERS.—The etiquette of Santo Toribiro ball-rooms is peculiar. The ladies sit round the room, the multiplicity of their stiff skirts making them look like so many Dutch cheeses, while the men remain outside in groups until the dancing is about to begin. When the first strains of the marimba—mournful and despairing as the wail of a lost soul—announce the opening of the ball, one of the sandalled and hatted gentlemen advances to the middle of the floor, on the way thereto carelessly nodding to the charmer of his choice, and she leaves her seat and goes to face him, standing a few paces distant. Then they perform a rapid *zapetero*, scarcely moving the body, though their feet are flying like mad, for all the world like a pair of jumping-jacks, executing all manner of pigeon-wings, jigs, and double-shuffles. When she gets enough of dancing she returns to her seat without so much as an *adios* to the gallant; while he, without stopping for a moment in the everlasting jig, nods to another lady to come and play Joan to his Darby. He is expected to keep on, without an instant's pause, until the music ceases, and often it is continued a long time as a test to the young man's endurance.

FRANCE is the best cultivated country in Europe.

AT Brabourne, in Kent, there is a yew-tree whose age has been estimated at 3,000 years.

It would take a man 23½ years to count the number of whitebait eaten during a London season.

If all the hair that is shaved off the men living in London in a day was collected, it would be equal in bulk to 3½ tons of hay.

FIRE will frighten almost any creature, but it has no terrors for the driver ant, which will dash at a glowing coal, fix its jaws in the burning mass, and shrivel up in the heat.

WHAT an enormous industry the manufacture of bottles is can be only indifferently understood by quoting statistics, which show that the daily output is over forty-six thousand gross for all countries.

AN auditor in a Japanese theatre is allowed, for a small extra fee, to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and try to get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see.

BEFORE that of the Duke of Bedford there have been twelve cases on record during the present century of suicide amongst members of the peerage. These are Lord French, Lord Londonderry, Lord Greaves, Lord James Beresford, Lord Munster, Lord Congleton, Lord Forth, Lord Cloncurry, Lord Walsingham, Lord Delawarr, Lord Lyttleton, and Lord Shaftesbury.

A QUEER BURIAL CUSTOM.—Among the Jews of Northern Europe, and in parts of Russia, a father is not allowed to be present at the interment of the first child he is unfortunate enough to lose. It is believed he will lose a second if he does; though this will not in itself suffice to explain the existence of so strange a custom. The Polish Jews are, however, peculiar in more than this. It is the universal belief of orthodox Hebrews that the resurrection of the dead will take place in the Holy Land, and therefore all bodies will have to make their way underground to Palestine before the Day of Judgment. So, to facilitate this task, the "Chassidim," or ultra-pious of Russia and Poland, put a fork in the hands of the deceased when he is placed in the ground, in order that he may dig his way through the ground with it, and thus reach the Holy Land, where the resurrection takes place.

CLEVER BLIND MEN.—Dr. F. J. Campbell, the founder and principal of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood, ascended Mont Blanc a few years ago. In the early years of this century the blind traveller, Mr. James Holman, undertook the travels of which he published an account in 1825; and very lately the Mercer's Company had a blind chaplain. Some time ago there lived in Paris a sculptor who was blinded at twenty-one while learning his profession, but who, nevertheless, successfully continued to practise it, and carried off medals and distinctions from seeing competitors. Another case is that of a wool dealer who, after the loss of his sight, became a better judge of wool than he was before, visited Melbourne in 1881, and during ten weeks bought more than £150,000 worth of wool, doing all the business it involved—banking, exchange, and shipping—without the aid of a broker.

UTILISING FEATHERS.—Quite a valuable industry is now carried on in France, in the utilization of the various kinds of feathers formerly treated as worthless, especially those obtained in plucking ducks, chickens, turkeys, and those of wild fowl and other birds killed as game. The plan pursued consists in trimming these, particularly the larger ones, off the stump, which may be thrown away, the plumes being then made use of in the manufacture of a feather cloth or blanket which possesses the essential quality of being exceedingly light and at the same time very warm. The plumes which are separated from the stalk are placed in a bag, closed tightly, and then subjected to rubbing between the hands, as in washing clothes. In a few minutes the fibres are by this means separated from each other, and form a perfectly homogenous and very light down, applicable by this simple operation to the production of quite a variety of coverings and other household objects at a reasonable cost.

THE BAGPIPE.—The bagpipe is almost universal throughout Asia, though at present not so much in use as it seems to have been in former ages. It is used among the Chinese musicians, and is met with in Persia, where it appears to have been more general in former ages than at present. There is also a Hindoo bagpipe, and in Egypt it was used to some extent, but is now rarely met with. In Italy it is common. It is said that the Italian peasant believes that it is the best beloved music of the Virgin Mary, also that it is the instrument upon which the shepherds expressed their joy when they visited the Saviour. When the Italian peasant visits Rome on the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour he always carries his bagpipes with him. The Romans are said to have been acquainted with this instrument, and most likely the Greeks were also. In Scotland it is the national instrument, but there its use is dying out. Bagpipes are known also in Germany, Spain, and North Africa.

FICTION.

A SCENE IN A SCHOOL.—At an examination of a school lately, the teacher, justly proud of his scholars, addressing the audience, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, to prove that the boys are not crammed for the occasion, I will direct one of them to open his arithmetic at random, and read out the first problem. Then I shall invite a gentleman of the audience to work the sum on the board, and to commit intentional errors, which you will observe the boys will instantly detect. John Smeth, open the book, and read the first question."

The scholar obeyed, and read out, "Add fifteen-sixteenths and nine-elevenths."

The teacher turned to the audience and said: "Now, Dr. Jenkins, will you step to the black-board and work it out?"

The doctor hesitated, then said, "Certainly," and advanced a step, but paused, and asked the teacher, "Is it fair to put the children to so difficult a problem?"

"Oh, never fear," replied the teacher, "they will be equal to it."

"Very well," said the doctor, "go on."

The boy began to question: "Add fifteen-sixteenths—"

"No, no," said the doctor, "I will not be a party to overtaxing the children's brains. I have conscientious scruples against it. This forcing system is ruining the rising generation," and he gave back the chalk, and left the room.

"Well, Mr. Castleton, will you favour us?" asked the teacher, tendering the chalk to a well-known barrister.

"I would do so with pleasure," replied the barrister, "but I have a case coming on shortly," and he left.

"Mr. Middleton, we must fall back on you; your experiences in assessing the taxes will come in well," said the teacher, smiling.

"Oh!" said the assessor; "I decline—in favour of Collector X."

"Well, that will do," replied the teacher. "Mr. Collector, will you favour us?"

"I would, certainly—that is—of course," replied the collector; "but—ahem—I think it should be referred to a committee. Why, bless me, I'll never catch that train. Good-bye! Some other time." And he also left.

"I know the Rev. Mr. Southwell will not refuse," said the teacher; and the parson stepped promptly up to the black-board, and took the chalk amid a round of applause from the audience.

The scholar again began to read the sum. "Add fifteen-sixteenths—" A dozen hands went up as the parson made the first figures.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"He's got the denominator on the top of the line!" cried the boys in chorus.

"Very good, boys, very good. I see you are attentive," said the parson, as he rubbed out the figures, turned red, and began again, but was interrupted by the class calling out, "Now's he's got the numerator and denominator under the line."

"Ah, ah! you young rogues, you're sharp, I see," said the parson, jocosely, and again commenced.

"That ain't a fraction at all. It's one thousand five hundred and sixteen," was the cry which hailed the parson's new combination of figures.

"Really, Mr. Teacher," ejaculated the cleric, "I must compliment you on the wonderful efficiency of your scholars in arithmetic. I won't tire their patience any more."

"Oh, go on, go on," said the teacher; and again the parson wrote some figures in an off-hand manner.

"That ain't a fraction. It's six thousand one hundred and fifty one," yelled the boys.

"Mr. Teacher," said the clergyman, "it would be ungenerous on my part, and imply an unworthy suspicion as to your efficiency, to put these extraordinarily clever children to a further test. I would not, I could not. Oh, excuse me, there's Brown. I have important business with him. Brown, I want to see you;" and he left.

Some days afterwards, a boy was brought before Parson Southwell, who was a magistrate, for throwing stones in the street.

"John James," said the judge, sternly, "were you one of the boys that laughed in school on Monday while I was working that problem?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

John was sentenced to as severe a birching as the law allowed, and the worthy magistrate privately gave the warder who carried out the sentence half-a-sovereign to invigorate the muscles of his arm.

HOW TO REMEMBER.—A well-known scientist has just been kind enough to tell us "How We Remember Things" in a popular magazine.

This paper should be read carefully by the man who always forgets everything, even when he makes memoranda on his cuffs and lets his wife tie a piece of string round his finger every morning when he leaves home for the office.

Yet, while we strongly recommend the article to the public as one of scientific value, we must say that we don't remember things on the writer's plan.

Once, when we were a boy, we assisted some equally wicked companions in robbing an apple orchard. The fact that the apples were about the sweetest specimens we ever tasted, fairly melting into our souls, does not cause us to remember them to this day.

It was the boots of the farmer and the knots in his whip that impressed the adventure so vividly on our minds.

We remember shirking school to go swimming, not because of the delights of a dip in the pure cold water, but because we were lifted off the floor by the ears on the following morning, and otherwise reminded of the extreme folly of our escapade.

We remember, during childhood, the sharpness of our father's razor, not so much by the beautiful pearl handle as by the queer appearance our thumb presented as we wriggled the stump-end of it in the air, and gazed reflectively on the nail-end that genimmed the Brussels carpet at our feet.

We once went touring with a comic opera company, and we shall never forget it. It is one of the things that will stick to our memory like face-powder to a swallow-tail. Yet, it is not the dulcet strains of the opera or the beauty of its setting that causes it to linger with us like a fairy dream.

It was the walk home from Newcastle that impressed the details of that trip upon us. When we arrived in London our feet were as large as hams, and we had to remain indoors and wear carpet bags on them for a week.

It is not necessary to go on; but we will say that we do not memorise by the theory in question, according to which it would be impossible for us to remember to return our friend's book or umbrella.

TAMING A YOUNG BRAVE.—The other day a stout woman, armed with an umbrella, and leading a small urchin, called at the office of a boys' story paper.

"Is this the place where they fight Indians?" she inquired of the gentleman in charge. "Is this the locality where the brave boy charges up the canyon and speeds a bullet to the heart of the dusky redskin?" and she jerked the urchin round by the ear, and brought her umbrella down on the desk.

"We publish stories for boys," replied the young man, evasively.

"I want to know if these are the premises in which the daring lad springs upon his fiery mustang, and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the captive's cords, and bears him away before the wondering Indians have recovered from their astonishment? That's the information I'm after. I want to know if that sort of thing is perpetrated here?" and she swung the umbrella round her head.

"I don't remember those specific acts," protested the young man.

"I want to know if this is the locality where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo, and with unerring aim picks off one by one the bloodthirsty pursuers, who bite the dust at every crack of his faithful rifle. I'm looking for the place where that sort of thing happens." And this time she fetched the unlucky young man a tremendous whack across the back.

"I think—" commenced the dodging victim.

"I'm in search of the establishment in which the boy highwayman holds the quivering stage-driver powerless with his glittering eye, while he robs the mail passengers with an adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses the hands of the lady passengers with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and a chivalrous nature!" screamed the woman, driving the young man into a corner. "I'm looking for the apartment in which that business is transacted," and down came the umbrella with sledge-hammer force on the young man's head.

"Upon my soul, ma'am!" gasped the wretched youth.

"I want to be introduced to the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of the boy detectives of the prairie! Point out to me the barrels full of boy pirates of the Spanish main!" and with each demand she dropped the umbrella on the young man's skull until he slipped over the desk and sought safety in a neighbouring establishment.

"I'll teach 'em!" she panted, grasping the urchin by the ear and leading him off. "I'll teach 'em to make it good, or dance. Want to fight Indians any more? Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain and scatter the plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of the uncounted slain? Want to say 'Hist!' in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Want to spring upon the taffrail and with a ringing word of command send a broadside into the richly-laden galleon, and then mercifully spare the beautiful maiden in the cabin, that she may become your bride? Eh? Going to do it any more?"

With each question she hammered the yelping urchin until his bones were sore, and he protested his permanent abandonment of all the glories enumerated.

"Then, come along," said she, taking him by the collar. "Let me catch you with any more ramrods and carving knives, and you'll think the leaping, curling, resistless prairie fire has swept with a ferocious roar of triumph across the trembling plains and lodged in your knickerbockers to stay."

A LAY OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

SIR GUY DE FUNCT, it once befell,
Went forth to woo his deere—
Ye bonnye ladye Dowsabel,
Who lived in Somwhayreshire.

As in her arbour knelt ye knighte,

Hee sayd, with gentill ayre—

"If but I winne thee, lady brighte,

An thoult be mine, I'll sweare—"

Then uppe rose comelye Dowsabel,

And flushinge scarlette redden,

Shee sayd: "Syr knighte, ye speak not well,

I lyke notte whatt ye sayd.

"Ye'll sweare? Ye'll sweare? Nay saye not soe,

Else, ye and I are twain,

A cursinge husband causeth woe,

Hee bringes hys ladye payne."

"Love's oaths, I onlie meant, my fayre,

Mistake not, I beseeche;

For other swearinge—trust me—ne'er

Hath soyled my partes of speeche.

"I shunne men's oathes—I never sweare,

No friar's lips more chaste!"

(Oh, hypocrite! Take care, take care,

Avenging Truthe may haste.)

Heigho! Has Truthe, e'en now, begunne,

To scourge ye false Syr Guy?

Hee squirms an twiste, like onne undone—

Hys features all awry.

Hee shakes hys cote of mail—poor man!

Hee grits hys teethe—ah, mee!

Hee curvets, prances, wheels—pray scanne

Hys physiognomie!

What Mediæval ache is hys?

Whatt knightlee maladie?

I haste to own hys ailment is—

A vicious, stynging bee.

A bee beneathe a cote of mail!

St. Andrew! don't ye see,

There is no waye ye can assail—

Or hurte that self-same bee!

Syr Guy forgotte hys ladye fayre

(To penne ye reste I'm lothe),

An raised her curlye goldenne hayre

By roaring out—an oathe.

'Tis thus hys lye was soon exposed

By Truthe—an eke the bee—

Who showed the mayd he'd falsely posed

A foe to blasphemie.

Fayr Dowsabel hath ta'en ye veil,

Yea—left a worlde of wrong;

An now beneathe ye cloisters pale

She'll ne'er heare language strong.

NEVER despise an old friend because he happens to have grown rich. Go to him, take him aside, tell him gently of his fault, and ask him to lend you five pounds.

AFTER a singer had "executed" the once popular song, "My Love Lies Dreaming," a rustic auditor broke the ensuing silence by muttering, "If she lies while she's dreamin', what sort of a crittur must she be when she's awake?"

TOMMY (reading): "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, as his corse to the ramparts we hurried."

Inspector: "Well, what is meant by 'Not a funeral note'?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, there was no invitations sent."

Inspector looks grave.

SCENE.—A collier's Row. Wife (leaving for the town with a basket on her arm): "An' dae ye think, John, that I've minded everything I'm to get when in the toon?"

John: "Ye micht mind to bring me in half an ounce of snuff."

"Deed, no, John," replied his better half. "The times are too hard for sic extravagance. Ye maun just tickle yer nose wi' a strae."

THE RULING PASSION.—In a recent accident on a Yankee railway they pulled one of the passengers out from the wreck, his back broken, his neck twisted, and his chest jerked round hind side before.

"My poor man," said the doctor, "you are fatally injured. Is there any word you want to send to your friends?"

"Was it a bad accident?" asked the sufferer, turning his glazed eyes on his interlocutor.

"Very bad," sighed the doctor. "There must have been at least a hundred killed besides you."

"Then telegraph my wife to sell ten thousand shares of this stock short!" murmured the sufferer, and, with a smile of satisfaction on his pale face, he bade farewell to this speculating world.

HOW WAX FIGURES ARE MADE.

THE wax-works of to-day have reached probably the highest degree of excellence. The well-executed wax figure has all the grace that a living figure could show if posed in as immovable a style as the other. They all look stiff to the eye which lingers on them for any length of time, because they are absolutely motionless. A single glance at a well-made figure will find in it not only a good pose, but what the artist calls action, but when the eye gets more accustomed to the work its immovability soon suggests a stiffness that is not at first evident.

The leading man in an establishment where wax figures are made is the sculptor. To secure good results it is necessary that the sculptor should be highly capable. When a single figure or a group is needed the sculptor gets together his pictorial matter, and, with the aid of this material, he makes a careful drawing, showing the figures properly draped, and, in addition, all the accessories that would go into the completed work.

This sketch being approved, a small model in bas-relief is made of the whole design, and this miniature design having been approved, and altered until satisfactory, the actual work is begun. As the average wax figure is the reproduction of some man or woman of note in the past or present, the greatest skill on the part of the sculptor is necessary to produce a striking likeness. The difficulties experienced in portraiture are the most trying part of the work.

When the sculptor has secured all the material possible he begins to shape a head in clay. If the design calls for an exposure of the body below the neck, as in the case of a savage, or, perhaps, a woman in *décolleté* dress, the shoulders are reproduced in clay as well as the head.

If the face is a bearded one the beard is modelled, and naturally to secure a likeness the hair of the head is also formed. When the head is finished in clay it is approved, either as regards its proportions or its likeness to the original, and when so approved it is ready for the moulder to handle.

The next operation is an important one, as it means, to a certain extent, the destruction of the likeness obtained by long and patient work. This operation is the cutting away of all the clay which represents the hair and beard of the original. The mutilation is necessary, because the hair and beard are to be made eventually of the real article. The head of clay, when stripped, is oiled and then re-covered by the sculptor's assistant with a coating of plaster of Paris about three or four inches thick.

In ten minutes this coating is partially hardened, and the work of cutting the mould into pieces is begun. A sharp knife will cut through this dough-like substance, now too soft to chip and too hard to run. When the mould is cut in five or six pieces the lower end, at the base of the neck, is cut away in the centre, leaving an opening about five inches in diameter, if the head is life-size.

On one of the cut sides of each piece the artist makes two or three holes at intervals of three inches. On the piece which fits against it he puts little dabs of soft plaster. The holes are now oiled, and the whole mould is put together again. The soft plaster dabs are allowed to harden in the oiled holes, and when the mould is taken apart again, it is provided with little "locks," which prevent the pieces from slipping apart at an inopportune moment.

While these operations on the head are under way, the body, which is to complete the figure, is being made in a somewhat different manner. As already explained, only those portions of the upper part of the body which are to be exposed are made in clay. The hands, arms, and extremities are fashioned, in most cases, from living models. When a group has been designed, the different positions of the hands and arms are taken from male and female models, and a plaster cast is made from them in the same way as above described.

As none but the exposed portions of a figure are made in wax, chiefly on account of the great cost, the bodies are made of *papier-mâché*. The moulds for these portions of the figure are made in two pieces for each lower limb, forearm, upper-arm, or trunk. These moulds when perfectly hard are ready for the mummy-maker.

A woman does this work. The first operation is the fitting of pieces of cardboard in each half-mould. To this is glued a layer of coarse bagging, and after that alternate layers of cardboard and bagging until the structure is nearly a quarter of an inch thick. It is then coated on the inside with a thin layer of plaster. When all these parts are taken from the moulds and put together, the result is a very graceful reproduction of a human figure, minus the arms, head, and neck in most cases, though the arms are very often made in this way.

Numbers of these figures stand about in the mummy-room, awaiting the time when the wax portions are to be attached and the whole figure made ready for exhibition. To ensure that the final clothing of the mummies shall hang properly, they are invested with complete suits of underclothing. We will now follow the head and other portions of the figure which are to be finished in wax.

These particular moulds are taken in charge and carried down to the wax-room. This room is a sort of hot box, the temperature being at 120 degrees at all times. The most delicate operation of any now takes place. In a long, wooden tank at one end of the room the mould is placed in water. Connected with this bath is a steam-pipe. When the mould is ready the steam is turned on, and, the water becoming heated, the mould is soon ready for the wax.

The wax used for the figures is the best obtainable quality of bleached bees-wax, which comes in thin discs. It is melted down until it has reached the consistency of oil. As it is not desirable to make the heads and hands of such pale material, the artist colours it to suit his needs.

For a head and face he mixes, in the wax, when melted, certain quantities of dry colours. These colours are Prussian blue, crimson lake, and silver white. When the wax is meant for heads requiring a more sombre tint, or for the hands of males, some burnt umber is added.

It is necessary to insure a good wax mould, to have an almost identical temperature in the wax and the heated plaster mould. Experience has taught the artist the proper time to take out his plaster, and when it is just hot enough it is oiled to prevent the wax from sticking, and is stood on its head on the stone floor.

A large funnel is now placed in the opening at the neck, and the wax is poured into the funnel, the lower end of which is as far down in the mould as it will go. When the amount of wax needed to fill the hole has been poured in, the funnel is pulled out slowly, and the wax is distributed gradually. If the wax is poured directly into the mould from the large tin vessel in which it is melted, bubbles are apt to form in places where they may mar the surface of the head.

After fifteen minutes' time has partially hardened the wax nearest the mould, the soft wax in the centre is poured back into the tin. After the fifteen minutes' allowed for cooling, the wax left in the mould when the soft portion has been poured out, is about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, although it may vary a sixteenth in some places. Such variation is not objected to, as it serves to give transparency to the head.

Very often, when the mould is unwrapped of the strong ropes which hold it together during the pouring, and taken apart, the wax is found to have stuck fast to some part of the plaster not fully oiled. This necessitates the operation being done all over again.

The day following the melting, the head is ready for its final shaping. Though it is now perfect as regards the general features, there are many roughnesses apparent, especially along the lines where the plaster mould had its joinings. These lines, and any little lumps that may have been caused by small holes in the plaster, are carefully shaved down.

The eyes of the waxen head are simply rounded reproductions of the human eyeball, and the mouth is generally partially open with no modellings of the teeth. When the wax is as hard as it can be made by the atmosphere, a crooked tool with a rounded end is heated, and the eyes are burned out from the inside of the hollow head. The back wall of the open mouth is similarly treated, and the head is now ready for the accessories.

The rims of the eye have to be painted and other parts of the face made deeper or lighter in colour. One of the most artistic operations is the reproduction of the colour of the human lip. The effect is not made with paints, but is obtained by the skilful laying on of coloured wax. A small modelling tool is heated in an alcohol flame, and pressed into a cake of wax of the proper colour. This, while hot, is distributed along the two lips thinly, and although it gets lighter in colour when hot, it dries to just the desired tint.

In heads where the design calls for uneven teeth, the artist introduces small pieces of wax, and shapes them to suit the subject. Usually the teeth used are the ordinary false teeth procured from dentists.

Many of the male heads have to be represented as recently shaven, and the work necessary to give the life-size face this effect is something enormous. With a little sharp needle-point the artist punctures the face in many thousand places. While the holes are not as close together as the hairs in a man's beard are, the head when finished has the proper appearance. After the tedious operation of puncturing is done, black colour is rubbed all over the cheeks and chin, and then the surface of the face is wiped with a dry cloth. The paint that has gone into the little holes in the face remains, and the effect, even when you stand close to the figure, is very good.

Putting in the eyelashes is a very difficult and slow piece of work. The wax at the eyelid is very thin, as the edge has been trimmed to sharpen the lid and do away with any appearance of clumsiness. Along both lids little holes, very close to one another, are punched, and every hair has to be carefully pushed in and poised so as to give the whole row a natural regularity. The eyes used in the figures are made to order, and come in several sizes.

Putting the hair in its place is one of the most interesting operations. The hair is procured in this country, and is of all colours and degrees of fineness and coarseness imaginable. The method of applying the hair so that it will stay, is to clutch a bunch of it

in one hand, and a small stick, at the end of which there are three or sometimes four needles, in the other.

The needles are pushed down into the wax through the bunch of hair, and at each insertion are sure to take some of the hair ends down with them. Sometimes when the loose bunch is pulled away two hairs stay, and sometimes all four needles are successful. With a large bunch of hair and incessant puncturing it is only a matter of a few hours' work to cover a head with a closely-fitted crop of hair.

When this is done the wax head can be held up by its covering without any danger of the hair coming out. Putting a sparse growth of hair on a head that is supposed to be on the verge of perfect baldness is more delicate work. The hairs have to be put farther apart, and the artist cannot work so fast.

The short, stubbly beard, supposed to be the growth of about two weeks, is very difficult to reproduce. These short hairs have to be put in one by one, as the eyelashes are, and there is very little to show for a day's work.

The eyebrows of most figures are thick, and, therefore, comparatively easy to handle.

The hands attached to wax figures are, in some respects, the most perfect and realistic features. They are really made from life. Another evidence of the care that artistic feeling prompts the clever modeller to take, is the making of the finger-nails of his subjects. Thin sheets or strips of very transparent horn are cut out to fit the different fingers. A small piece of pink wax used to colour the tips is put on each one before it is affixed to the finger end. When the nail is in place the hand looks as though it could move, so lifelike has it become.

A. (as he returns his fellow-traveller's flask): "My dear sir, that makes me a new man! I'm infinitely obliged to you. I wish I had a thousand throats to thank you."

B. (looking ruefully at the flask): "I'm very glad you haven't."

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.—Leopold: "I say, now, Algy, lend me a shilling, won't you, I'd like to give alms to that blind fellow. I feel so sorry for blind men, ye know."

Algernon: "So do I, my boy. We don't realise what an affliction it is never to see the trees and woses, and all that, you know."

Leopold: "And fawncy selecting trowsers when you're blind."

SOMETHING LIKE A TESTIMONIAL.—The following is called a "mild assertion":—"This is to certify that I have always been bald, and have used up a barrel of common hair dye. I accidentally heard of your Invigorator, and purchased a bottle, and carried it home in my overcoat pocket. The pocket was full of hair when I got home. I took the bottle and held it in the sun, when the shadow fell on my head. A thick head of chestnut-coloured hair grew out in thirty minutes by the watch, all curled and perfumed. Send me twenty bottles by next train."

A LADY, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, was lately crossing one of the principal streets in the West End of London, carrying under her arm a leather case with the inscription:—"Music" in large gilt letters, when a schoolboy ran against her, causing her to drop her case. The people in the street were so impolite as to burst into loud laughter at the contents of the leathern portfolio, for they turned out to be a thick slice of German sausage, three paper-bags full of chocolate creams and other sweets, a bit of soap, and other toilet requisites—not a trace of music. The young lady quickly disappeared from the scene.

ABLE EDITOR: "Want a position, eh? Do you understand the Irish question?"

Applicant: "Um, to tell the truth, I don't know anything about the Irish Question."

"Are you familiar with international law?"

"No, I can't say that I am."

"Have you followed up the various African and Polar explorations, and have you all the localities at your finger-ends, so that you could write column after column on the subject without exhausting yourself?"

"I—I never took any interest in such things."

"Are you thoroughly familiar with French, German, and Russian politics?"

"I don't know anything about European squabbles, and don't want to."

"Young man, take that desk there. I shouldn't wonder if you could make a paper that sensible people would like to read."

The first fourteen numbers of this paper, containing the account written by the popular American authoress, Miss Bisland, of her wonderful journey "Round the World in Seventy-Six Days," can be obtained for 1s. 2d., or post-free for 1s. 9d.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

THE following story, sent by
MR. T. FOISTER,

MELTON ROAD,
THURMASTON,
NEAR LEICESTER,

is the best received. We have therefore forwarded him a cheque for Two Guineas.

HER ONE ROMANCE.

It was Mdlle. Seraphine's fate to have apartments, or really an apartment in a very frowsy house, kept by a very frowsy landlady, in a very frowsy London suburb. To be sure, she did not see much of either house, landlady, or suburb. She had her lessons to give. She taught her native tongue in various educational establishments where young ladies are instructed in the last refinements of civilisation, and where her faded yellow hair (they thought it was a wig), and her waterproof and umbrella (a cotton one, these young ladies hilariously particularised), were the cause of much abiding merriment. It is possible that Mdlle. Seraphine was quite unconscious of these graceful little jests. She was a trifle near-sighted, and absent-minded, too, at times. One rainy night, a night when the wind made wild clutches at one's umbrella, and the street lamps flared, Mdlle. Seraphine came in later and more weary than usual, and met her landlady on the stairs.

"There's no use," said that worthy person, whose equanimity seemed to have suffered a most severe shock, "that fellow's got to go."

"Is he no better? Oh!" murmured Mdlle. Seraphine, for though so wet and tired she could stop to listen to this tale of woe.

"Oh, yes, he's better! But he's got to go all the same. I can't keep him no more. I've got my own interests to look after. And he ain't got a penny to pay his lodging with, and I've lost three pounds by him already."

"Oh!" murmured Mdlle. Seraphine again. She went to her own little room, where she took out books and the pile of exercises waiting to be corrected. But she could not fix her mind, and her heart was heavy within her. She finally rose, and, extracting a worn old purse from her little leather trunk, counted over its meagre contents. This much had been laid aside to buy a new pair of shoes and a heavier cloak against the winter. But there were more urgent needs even than her own. Alas! How full the world was of trouble.

She wrapped what the purse contained in an envelope, and then stole across the hall. At the sick man's door she paused with a beating heart. It was very hard to do these things. How should she avoid offending? Perhaps he was asleep, and then she could slip the envelope under his hand and leave the room again unnoticed. The door was partly ajar, and she pushed it very softly. But the sick man was not asleep. His eyes were wide open, and seemed twice too large for his wasted face. The fever had left him, but he looked so feeble and spent that Mdlle. Seraphine's pity welled up in her eyes in a look so beautiful that it made her for the moment almost lovely. He was much younger than she, and she felt like a mother to him. As for Stephen Holme, when he understood what she wished to do for him in his weak state, after his long loneliness and hopefulness, it was too much. For a few seconds he could not speak.

"Mdlle. Seraphine, if ever I get on my feet again—" "Oh, please, please!" she pleaded, clasping her thin little hands softly, in her French way, "do not say anything more. Of course you will be well again soon. But now you must think of nothing but that."

And then she hurried away. Youth, and the one ray of sunshine, the one token of human goodwill shining on the darkness and misery that had closed all around him, did their work. And the young man got better, and finally well enough to crawl out of doors and look for other quarters.

"Cause if he ain't got no situation, an' no money comin' in, I can't keep him," announced Mrs. Brady, conclusively. "There's other parties that'll take that room, and sure pay. And I can't take no risks."

Mdlle. Seraphine shrank away a little, and flushed faintly over her sallow cheek, as she often did at Mrs. Brady's words. But then she upbraided herself for mentally accusing the landlady of brutality. She was a poor woman, too. Once more she had recourse to another little fund tucked away in a leather trunk, and this time it was the last there saved up.

"It is very little. But it may do for the first few weeks, till—" she added, eagerly, seeing the young man's flush, "you get something to do."

"I can't take any more from you, Mdlle. Seraphine."

"You will hurt me," she said, "if you refuse."

And so he took it. But getting anything to do was hard. And the days passed on. And once, coming back footsore, and dejected, and faint, for he was not yet strong, to the room where he now lodged, he met Mdlle. Seraphine returning from her lessons.

"Where is it you live?" she asked.

The following day there was a timid knock at the door. She had brought him some copying to do.

"I got it without any trouble," she said, with her deprecating eagerness, before he could speak; "they thought it was for myself."

After that, one day, while giving her lesson in the house of a French resident, who had married an English lady, and to whose children she had been nursery governess, she heard the son, who happened to be at home, casually remark that his father needed an extra clerk. An idea implanted itself then under Mdlle. Seraphine's queer little faded yellow curls, and germinated on the morrow.

The French gentleman's office was in the City. Poor little Mdlle. Seraphine entered its precincts with a tremulous spirit and a faltering step.

Her whilom employer looked up with a scowl which changed to a good-humoured smile upon his recognition of her. He had always liked this grotesque-looking little Seraphine, and she soon found heart to state her errand.

"Well, what sort of references has he, this young protégé of yours?" he asked at length.

"Oh, I am sure they will be found of the very best!" cried Mdlle. Seraphine, clasping her hands most earnestly.

Her fellow-countryman laughed, and looked down at her quizzically.

"It's evident that they would be if you had the giving of them!" he cried, with jocular intention.

And Mdlle. Seraphine blushed crimson, and was so overwhelmed with confusion that she turned the wrong way to go out.

"This way," said the gentleman, taking her with playful good nature by the arm.

In the little side office into which she had blundered a young girl sat over a type-writer. She raised her eyes for a second, and Mdlle. Seraphine thought she had never seen a more lovely face.

"Oh, what a beautiful young girl!" she whispered, as she went out. "But how sad she looks!"

"She has reason to be, poor child!" said her pilot, sympathetically. "It is one of those reverses of fortune which are much too common. Her father was well-to-do; he died penniless. The girls all had to do something."

"Poor creatures!" sighed Mdlle. Seraphine, whose heart was always bleeding for someone.

On the evening before the day when he was to begin his duties in his new position, Stephen Holme asked Mdlle. to take a walk with him. It was a soft and balmy night, a respite and breathing space, half way between the beginning and the end of the winter.

They walked into the adjacent square. It was silent and lonely. Stephen was pre-occupied, and said little for some time. Then, while they strolled slowly, and no one was in sight, he began tremulously:

"Mdlle. Seraphine—"

Mdlle. Seraphine looked up and then down with a prophetic emotion which warned her that something never before heard of was going to happen.

"Mdlle. Seraphine, if I get on, will you marry me?"

Well, as soon as she could speak, she urged upon him the difference in their years, her plainness, the obvious fact that, with his way to make, he must not hamper himself with a wife.

"Perhaps you think it is gratitude only," Stephen said, gravely. "It is not. You have been, and are, more to me than anyone else ever was."

And so they became engaged. And Mdlle. Seraphine, who had always looked older than she really was, seemed to grow much younger as the winter sped on and the spring weather came.

After Stephen Holme had been a month or two with his new employer he had seen a chance for making an investment which promised good results, and in his talks with Mdlle. Seraphine had lamented his poverty which prevented his taking advantage of it. Mdlle. Seraphine had said nothing. But the next day she had gone to the savings bank and out of it drawn all her little hoard, saved up pound by pound, and laid away against sickness, against a rainy day, and brought it to Stephen. It represented all her worldly possessions, and Stephen who had not dreamed of its existence, refused to touch it. But Mdlle. Seraphine had pleaded so well, alas! that he had finally allowed himself to be tempted. At first all had promised well. But one evening Stephen had come in looking miserably haggard and white. He said nothing until they sat in their accustomed place by their favourite rendezvous, the water's edge in the park, and then he broke down, and, crying like a child, told her that the money was all gone; the investment had proved disastrous.

Then Mdlle. Seraphine had laid her hand on his arm and, forcing him to raise his head, had shown him a face on which there was only pity for him and a perfectly serene smile. What did it matter? Was it his fault? she asked. Were they not able to work, both of them? Was not one there to help the other?

"Seraphine"—Stephen put his arm about the queer little figure and kissed her—"you are the best woman on earth."

The summer was now well advanced, and the days and nights succeeded each other in slow and sultry order. Well, Seraphine's pupils had flown, one and all, for the summer, and she had made her plans for her ten days' vacation at a farmhouse in Kent, which constituted her one yearly diversion.

Stephen would come down from Saturday until Monday to see her, and what more could one wish? If she had not been so keenly alive to the sorrows of so many of her fellow-beings, whose wretchedness she saw continually round her, and thinking of whom it seemed almost sinful to be taking ten whole days of idleness and gladness, the world, as she rode down to the City one bright morning to give Stephen some last direction as to trains, or what not—for this expedition was a momentous one—would have been to Mdlle. Seraphine more beautiful than any dream.

The head of the firm was away, as were many of his subordinates, but a boy told Mdlle. Seraphine where she would find Stephen Holme.

She passed into the office where she had pleaded Stephen's cause with the head of the firm that day, and finding it empty turned towards the other partitioned inclosure where the beautiful girl sat over the typewriter.

But then she stood still. She made no sound. She was only there a moment, yet it seemed like eternity. Stephen was in there, and he stood before the beautiful girl and looked down at her, with such a passion of love and sorrow and renunciation in his face, while she buried hers in her hands, that a veil was torn away before Mdlle. Seraphine, and she read the secret of the last few months, of Stephen's altered looks, of his troubled eyes, of his increased devotion—devotion which was only loyalty that would not permit itself to swerve, however tempted—as plainly as though it had been written in fiery characters before her.

She turned and passed out again. And neither of these two young people who loved each other had seen her, so absorbed had they been in their own despair. The gas flared high in Mdlle. Seraphine's room that night—high and late. And when morning dawned the little room was dismantled, stripped of its few poor little efforts at grace and prettiness, and the small leather trunk was packed. Many months ago a letter had come to Mdlle. Seraphine, from a cousin who had gone to Australia, telling her that if she chose to come she would be able to do well there. The pupils had all paid for their final quarters before leaving town, and Mdlle. Seraphine could go now. She would not leave any trace behind her. If she did Stephen would feel himself bound to her. That must not be. She looked at herself in the glass. What! he, so young, so handsome, marry a faded, plain middle-aged woman such as she was. One who looked so wild and haggard in the grey morning light, with her reddened eyes and her hollow cheeks! No, no! She had only been dreaming. It must never be. By-and-bye, Stephen, who only cared for her because he could not be ungrateful, would forget and marry the beautiful girl he loved, and he should be happy.

And that is why the passengers on the ship *Forest Queen*, outward bound to Adelaide, wondered once or twice why the queer-looking little woman with the faded locks of yellow hair looked so sad and wept so frequently.

"You smoke a great deal, George," said a friend to George Plankette.

"Yes," replied George, "particularly after dinner. I have got so in the habit of smoking after dinner that the dinner doesn't taste right when I eat it unless I have a smoke afterwards."

WAGLEY: "I'll tell you how to make a lot of money."

Wooden: "How?"

Wagley: "Buy a lot of thermometers now and sell them next July."

Wooden: "I don't see how I can make any money that way."

Wagley: "Why, man, they are sure to go up thirty pints or so."

PRIZE STORY NOTICE.

We offer every week a PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS to the sender of the best story received. We strive for originality in this paper, but in order that all readers may have a chance of gaining this sum, stories sent in competition may be either original or selected. Their length should not exceed three columns of this paper, or three thousand words. The source of each selected piece sent in must be plainly stated, and on each competition the name and address of the sender must be legibly written.

No use whatever will be made of unsuccessful competitions, unless, indeed, we think fit to publish original matter received at ordinary rates. Any one person may send any number of stories the same week. Envelopes containing competitions should be marked "Prize Story" in the top left-hand corner. Competitions may be sent any day. Each week's selection will be made from the stories received between Monday and Saturday. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe custody of competitions, though every endeavour will be made to return unsuccessful ones with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. Those not accompanied by stamped envelopes will be destroyed.

ARDENT WOOLERS.

IN Australia the native lover woos his sweetheart with a club, in some parts of Asia he has to buy her of her parents, in others he has to steal her. The Australian when he would wed, makes up his mind as to which woman shall be his bride, and then hides in the bushes in the vicinity of her dwelling-place. It is not necessary for her to know that there is a lover looking for her, especially with a stout cudgel, or maybe she wouldn't be won as frequently as she is. As soon as she comes near where the anxious swain lies hidden, and if she is alone, he pounces out upon her, promptly and effectually stuns her down with his club, and carries her off before she comes to.

If he does not get her to his hut before she recovers, there is likely to be a lively fight in the bush, for the Australian damsel is generally a vigorous one, and she may have reasons of her own for objecting to the lover's efforts to win her. The would-be bridegroom may then be obliged to club her again, and as this is considered to be rather a reflection on the ardour with which his earlier effort was made, he generally puts as much soul and muscle into his first love tap as he can summon.

When a resident of Kaffir Land yearns for a life partner, he has an interview with the father of the lady. If the old gentleman thinks well of the youth, and that he would do honour to him as a son-in-law, he says:

"Well, can you give me two hundred cattle for my daughter?"

That is, it may be two hundred, or it may be more or less, just as the old man values his daughter or appraises the stock-owning or acquiring capacity of the prospective son-in-law. If the young Kaffir is determined to wed the maiden whose hand he seeks, he will always reply that he can manage it, no matter if he hasn't enough on hand to make a good-sized dish of hash, and never expects to have.

There are plenty of Kaffirs who have cattle galore, and he gathers together a few congenial friends, and they stroll over to some convenient kraal of a neighbouring tribe, and walk away with the requisite number of cattle to make the bridegroom happy. Of course the owner of the cattle usually raises strong objections to this exchange of property, and there may be a number of woolly heads broken before the expectant bridegroom secures the herd.

If he gets them all right to his kraal that settles the matter. The man who lost them knows that other tribes have cattle, and that he may want to marry somebody himself without having the necessary stock on hand to win the bride. Then he will forage on his neighbour in the same way. Thus is Hymen's torch kept alight in Kaffir Land.

In some parts of Central Asia the bridegroom has a tough time in getting and keeping possession of his bride. In the first place he has to steal her, and if she doesn't object to being stolen the couple may get to the wedding place with whole skins, for if she doesn't object she is not compelled to give any alarm, and the whole village will not be at their heels, unless they are discovered by accident while making off.

If she gives an alarm the bride stealer must make his way hindered by the struggling damsel and followed by a crowd of yelling neighbours. The wedding place is the hut of the young man's parents, and there he must take his bride before he can claim the right to her hand. If she has not lungs enough to summon rescuers, nor muscle enough to get away from the lover before the hut is reached, then she can make no further protest against the marriage.

The bridegroom cannot claim a bride until he has a hut of his own to take her to, and in taking her from his father's house to his own he has another gauntlet to run. The bride's friends, whether she be a willing bride or not, have the right to assemble and attempt to rescue her while she is *en route*.

The bridegroom throws his bride across his back. She is always covered with a scarlet garment. He is surrounded by a number of youths living in his village, and all the bride's young lady friends in her village, armed with stones and clubs, batter and pelt the bridal procession, and fill the air with fiendish yells, in their effort to keep the bride among them. The battle is waged in earnest, and both bride and bridegroom are always covered with blood and bruises, even if they succeed in reaching the boundary-line of safety. This they usually effect. If a bridegroom fails to get away with his bride he is compelled to pay a ransom in cattle and other gifts to her parents before she will be delivered up to him.

In other parts of Asia the question of a man's title to his bride must be settled by a fierce fight between the friends of the contracting parties. If the bridegroom's forces are victorious, he has his inamorata as a trophy; if her friends are victorious, he must pay such price as the victors demand. In many parts of that country some ceremony of violence or physical powers must precede a wedding. In certain districts there must be a wrestling match between the bride and groom. If the man wins, the woman must surrender herself to him. If she wins, she has the option of accepting him or not. Some native tribes compel a foot-race between the bride and bridegroom to decide the question of marriage, and others require a long chase on horseback.

'BANK-NOTE LITERATURE.

THE practice of scribbling moral reflections, often from an immoral point of view, on the backs of bank-notes seems to be dying out. Certainly the bank-note rhymester is less in evidence on English paper money than he used to be; because bank-notes circulate more than formerly, or perhaps because they are, nowadays, renewed at such short intervals. The Scotch bank-note, being of smaller value and circulating for a longer time, passes through the hands of more needy persons, and soon becomes so grimy that the term "filthy lucre" applied to it has an added significance.

In Lockhart's "Life of Scott" there is a reference to bank-note literature. Lady Louisa Scott had sent to the novelist an original verse that was found on the back of a bank-note by Lady Douglas. It is chiefly notable as a rare instance of the bank-note rhymester's parting with his money in a Christian spirit. The note that fell into Lady Douglas's hands said:—

Farewell, my note, and wheresoe'er ye wend,
Shun gaudy scenes, and be the poor man's friend.
You've left a poor one, go to one as poor,
And drive despair and hunger from his door.

These lines recalled to Scott's recollection the murder of Begbie, a bank-porter, because it was thought the notes stolen at that time might be traced through an "idle young fellow," to quote Scott's reply to Lady Louisa Scott, "having written part of a playhouse song on one of them." Many of them were discovered, but accidentally, this one was not among the number. In fiction, of course, detectives have followed up the same clue more successfully.

Though the backs of some bank-notes are more interesting than a book, and even rise to the dignity of tragedy, there are certain stereotyped phrases which recur so frequently on them that they are familiar to everybody. Such are "Here to-day and gone to-morrow," and "The best of friends must part."

A business gentleman in Edinburgh, through whose hands a large number of Scotch notes pass, took a copy of the following:—

O Providence, send from above
A sword with two sharp edges,
To cut the throats of wicked men
Who grudge poor clerks their wages.

Beneath was inscribed in another hand—
Why call aloud for such a blade
Because your wage is small,
Or why assume your pay is grudged
Withouten proof at all?
Rather give thanks with fervent heart
Unto the highest heaven,
Which weekly sends this one-pound note,
When much less might be given.

It would be interesting to know whether he was himself a "poor clerk" who wrote these additional lines, or only an employer of clerks. The following also passed through the same gentleman's hands on one-pound notes:—

Ye ugly, dirty, little scrap,
To look at hardly worth a rap,
An' yet I'll gie my hearty vote
Nane can produce a sweeter note.

With this may be compared—

It's odd that any man should wish,
A dirty scabbard rag like this;
Yet mony an ane would cut a caper,
To get a wheen sic bits o' paper.

Many men are extremely careless of their bank-notes, and stuff them into their waistcoat-pockets as they would a club dinner-bill. Plenty of "fivers" have been lost through this careless habit, and it would be interesting to know how many bank-notes have been spoilt in lighting cigars. There are instances on record of paper money being used for this purpose, but rescued from the flames before total extinction. A friend of mine once showed me the singed half of a bank-note which he kept as a curiosity, and upon which he had written the sagacious couplet:—

My better half has gone in smoke,
And I, alas! am "stony broke."

What seems most to strike the bank-note scribe is the transitoriness of all human pleasures. I have seen a note with Burns's "Pleasures are like poppies spread," adapted in this way:—

Pound-notes are like poppies spread,
You get them changed, and, lo! they've fled;
Or, like the flies upon the river,
One moment there, then gone for ever.

"The trail of the serpent is over them all," says another melancholy moralist; but an optimist wisely adds:—

'Tis better to have had and lost,
Than never to have had at all.

Perhaps the most interesting bank-notes are those whose inscriptions are autobiographical. "After keeping this for ten years," said one that I was told of lately, "it is gone at last. Such is life!" "This is the first five-pound note I ever earned," appeared in a handwriting that was not boyish. "To pay the rent," is brief, but sufficient. So, perhaps, is the Scotch, "I will be married to-morrow; heaven help me!—J. D." The most dismal story I ever heard of being read on a bank-note, however, was, "The last of a large fortune spent on drink."

THE LARGEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

By far the largest library in the world is the Bibliothèque National, at Paris. It is so large that nobody knows how many books it contains. They have never yet been all catalogued or counted, and when the classification of a great library falls behind it takes some time to get it in order, especially when no attempt is made to bring up the arrears.

Current works and new acquisitions are now catalogued in this library as received, but many old collections—amongst others the official documents relating to the Revolution—still lie unassorted, and mere bulk goes for little, unless it is accompanied with utility. As to this, and as to the accommodation it provides for readers, the French National Library is a long way behind the reading-room of the British Museum, and vexatious restrictions and needless formalities meet the reader at every turn.

But before referring to its organisation we will glance over the history of this remarkable collection, which, though sold by impecunious kings and otherwise dispersed more than once, has never been so widely scattered that it could not wholly or partially be brought together again.

The earliest nucleus of a national library in France was made by the Emperor Charlemagne, but the real founder of the Royal Library of France was Charles the Wise. He had a collection of about 1,000 books, which at that time was considerable. He indiscreetly, however, lent some of his books out to read, and as at this early period the habit of never returning borrowed books had been contracted, thus lost several volumes.

Soon after this, the whole collection was sold to the Duke of Bedford, and brought to England; but was dispersed at his death in 1435, and some of the works found their way back to France. Large private collections were bequeathed to the library in the seventeenth century, and, under the indefatigable activity of Colbert, it went on prospering. In 1666 it was installed in the Rue Vivienne, and, after the death of Mazarin—whose great collection went to form a library of itself—was placed in his palace in the Rue de Richelieu, where it has since remained.

In 1688 the library had already swelled to 43,000 printed books and 10,000 manuscripts. Louvois, who succeeded Colbert in its management, resolved to open it to the "learned of all nations" for study. The time for the learned to pursue their researches was limited, only two hours a week, so that we find that Voltaire and others borrowed books from the librarian. The library was well arranged, and getting into good working order at the time of the Revolution, which, we are told, opened a new era of prosperity for it. All the great chateaux were then plundered, monasteries ransacked, religious institutions pillaged, and everything seized was confiscated and declared national property.

In 1807 it was roughly estimated that the library contained about half a million of books. Then came Napoleon, who was also good to it. Wherever his victorious hosts went, a flock of human vultures followed, carrying off the booty, and thus more hauls of books were brought to the French capital. But not all to remain there, for, after Waterloo, Germany, Belgium, Bavaria, Austria, and other countries stepped in and claimed their prints and manuscripts. Since the days of Napoleon the library has gone on augmenting. Now and then an extraordinary grant has been given to purchase books, and every printer is bound to send two copies of every book he prints to the library. Other means which the library has of increasing its stock is by exchanging duplicate copies with foreign libraries, by receiving from learned societies, by donations, and by purchases.

The total number of books in the library is now about two and a half millions. Only part of the books are catalogued, and all the catalogues are not accessible to the readers. There are sets of imperfect catalogues, which the librarians use, and try to ferret out the works asked for, but not always with success. Since 1871 a catalogue of the new acquisitions has been issued as a monthly periodical.

The reading-room is much smaller than the reading-room of the British Museum, and cannot be compared to it in point of arrangement, convenience, or with regard to the service. Readers have to go through useless formalities, but more or less red tape must be expected at every French institution. No writing material beyond ink is supplied, and should anyone attempt to pass out of the room with a twopenny note-book in his hand, although it is his own property, the functionary at the entrance will come down upon him like a detective on a malefactor. As a guarantee that he is not walking off with national property, he must be furnished with a pass.

There is another room for consulting manuscripts, a department for engravings and maps, and a public room, which is open to everybody without tickets, and furnished with about 50,000 books of general literature. The library is open from ten to four o'clock on week-days, and the public part on Sundays as well. From a fear that the building would be set on fire, no light has ever been introduced into it. The sum allowed for expenses is not a third of that given to the British Museum library.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Stewed Beef-Tea for Invalids. One half-pound of steak cut fine; soak it in one half-pint of water for half an hour, let it heat (not boil), strain, salt, and serve.

In Washing Sateen or any cotton goods with a satin finish, use borax water to restore the gloss. If you are washing black materials, you can prevent their fading by the addition of salt to the water.

To Render Boots Impervious to Water. Boots and shoes may be rendered permanently waterproof by soaking them for some hours in thick soap water. A fatty acid is formed in the leather by the soap, which makes it impervious to water. (Reply to EDWARD.)

The Easiest Method of Cleaning Greasy or Oily Bottles is to pour into them a little strong sulphuric acid, cork them, and for about five minutes let the acid flow in all directions. Then wash in cold water again, when all traces of grease will be found to vanish, together with any accompanying smell. (Reply to DOLLIE.)

Australian Meat in Batter. Before cooking any Australian meat, it is advisable to turn it out of the tin and remove every particle of fat. The meat is already so rich that when any of the dripping is cooked with it it becomes far too greasy to be palatable. After having removed the fat, place as much of the meat and jelly as are required in the centre of a pie-dish, and season with salt and pepper and a sprinkling of sweet herbs. Make a batter of milk, eggs, and flour, and pour over the meat.

How to Utilize Sheep's Feet. Take some sheep's feet (they can be bought prepared at tripe shops), stew them very gently in sufficient water to cover them until they are tender enough for you to remove the bones. Then make some white sauce, in which put a dozen small button mushrooms, which have been soaked in vinegar and water. Put the boned sheep's feet in the sauce, make them quite hot, add the juice of a lemon, and serve. The liquor that the feet have been boiled in makes good broth.

Warnings of Firing in Oil-Lamps. When a burner is about to fire, the flame suddenly loses its brilliancy and assumes a dull reddish hue, followed by "jumping" and a series of spasmodic "spurts." Immediately this is perceived, remove the chimney by the aid of a dry towel or a piece of cloth, then place the towel gently over the whole lamp and all danger will be over; or use a pair of bellows, placing the nozzle close to the burner, and giving a sharp puff in an upward direction. The dry cloth is safer than a wet one, as the latter would cause a sudden contraction of the heated reservoir, and probably cause its fracture.

Friend's Pudding. A quarter of a pound of cornflour, a quarter of a pound of syrup, one egg, a pint and a half of milk, one ounce of sugar. Grease well a quart basin, melt the treacle and pour it in. In a small basin place the cornflour, and moisten it with a little of the milk. Place the remainder of the milk in a saucepan and allow it to boil, pour it over the cornflour, and stir all well together. Pour all back into the saucepan, and stir it carefully until boiling over a slow fire. Draw the saucepan on one side, add the sugar and egg, previously well beaten together. Pour the syrup over all. Twist over the top of the basin a sheet of greased paper. Place the basin in a saucepan and pour in enough boiling water to come half way up the sides, and boil the pudding for one hour. Turn it out on a hot dish and serve at once.

Tasty Ways of Cooking Rice. Take some plain boiled rice, put it into a saucepan with a lump of butter, add as much tomato sauce as the rice will absorb, and plenty of grated Parmesan cheese; mix well, and keep stirring on the fire till quite hot. Serve piled upon a dish. Put into a saucepan six cupfuls of stock or broth, in which you have previously dissolved a good allowance of either tomato paste, French tomato sauce, or the pulp of fresh tomatoes boiled, and passed through a hair sieve; add pepper and salt to taste. When it boils, throw in for every cupful of stock half a cupful of fine rice, well washed and dried before the fire. Let the whole remain on the fire until the rice has absorbed all the stock, then melt a large piece of butter, and pour it over the rice. At the time of serving, and not before, stir the rice lightly to separate the grains, but do this off the fire.

To Prevent Tin Vessels from Rusting.

When the vessels are finished with, wipe them carefully with a dry cloth, and place near the fire. If this is done immediately they will not rust. (Reply to MARGUERITE.)

Baked Milk.

Baked milk is an admirable food for most invalids. It is made in this manner:—Put a quart of good milk into a stone jar; cover with writing paper, tied down. Leave it in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours, till it has the consistency of cream. The amount of nourishment to be derived from it is marvellous.

Sheep's Kidneys Cooked Whole.

Remove the outer skin and hang them in a Dutch oven by driving the hook through the core, taking care not to wound the fleshy part. Lay pieces of bacon underneath, and put before a clear fire. In about five minutes turn them. After another five minutes take them off and lay them in the oven, and finish cooking the bacon over them. By this time they will be done. Serve with bacon and dry toast. They should be quite cooked, but full of rich gravy, and the bacon will give them a delightful relish.

Restoring Colour to Fabrics.

The restoration of colour to fabrics, which, from one cause or another, have deteriorated in this respect, has suggested various chemical applications and processes. It has been customary to employ ammonia for the purpose of neutralising acids that have, accidentally or otherwise, destroyed the colour of the stuffs, this being necessarily applied immediately, or the colour is usually imperfectly restored. An application of chloroform has the effect of bringing out the colours as bright as ever. Plush goods, and all articles dyed with aniline colours, faded from exposure to light, resume their original brightness of appearance after being sponged with chloroform; the commercial chloroform, which is less costly than the purified, answers well for this purpose.

Oat Cakes.

Put in a basin one breakfast cupful of oatmeal, and into half a cupful of hot water put a small teaspoonful of sweet dripping, and stir in amongst the meal. Add water till the meal is quite moist, then work the dough in the basin with the right hand, pressing the fingers through the dough till it feels well put together. Turn out on bakeboard well sprinkled with dry meal; knead the dough into a firm but not hard piece, and with both hands make it into a round ball. Flatten out with right hand, using the knuckles well in the operation, and with the left hand keep the edges of the cake from breaking; then roll out with rolling pin till quite thin. Rub the surface of the cake with plenty of oatmeal, cut into quarters, rub the other side with meal, brush, and put on hot griddle till they are a light brown, then put upper side on a toaster till quite dry and hard. (Reply to M. R.)

The Unhealthiness of Carpets.

Carpets are commonly made to cover the entire floors of rooms. This cannot be too much deprecated. Carpets, like curtains, are mere dirt traps, which become loaded with filth of every description. This is abundantly proved when a carpet is swept, and the dust allowed to settle on all the articles in the room. Such dust, if examined, will be found to consist of dried mud, chiefly granite or wood, but also containing every description of vegetable and animal impurity. The substitution of a central carpet for one covering the entire floor is a great improvement, the floor round the carpet being covered with parquet veneering; or, if the expense of this be too great, the whole floor may be painted with four good coats of dark oil paint, and varnished, the joints of the boards having first been made secure. The carpet should be made easily removable, in order that it and the floor may be thoroughly cleansed at intervals. Rugs will be found even better, since they may be taken up and shaken every day, if necessary. In bed-rooms, the less carpet the better.

Hints for Cooking Meat.

Dark meats are generally prepared underdone, but white meats should be thoroughly cooked. Time, of course, to be regulated by size of piece of meat. A leg of mutton weighing five pounds requires from two to three hours for boiling. A small turkey will boil in an hour and a quarter. A beef tongue, if dry, should be soaked for several hours, put on in cold water, and boiled slowly four or five hours. A ham weighing seven or eight pounds should boil at least four hours. A large piece of beef will take three hours to roast; it should be put into a hot oven, so that the pores will close at once and keep the juice in the meat. A fore-quarter of lamb will roast in an hour; a loin of mutton in two hours; a loin of veal in from two to three hours. A large turkey will require three hours to roast. An ordinary-sized goose will roast in an hour. Ducks will roast in half an hour; wild ducks in from fifteen to twenty minutes. To be more concise, allow twenty minutes for boiling each pound of fresh meat, and twenty-four minutes to each pound of salt meat. Allow fifteen minutes for each pound of meat to roast; for veal or pork twenty minutes to the pound. Boil meat gently, it will be more tender and savoury.

To Colour Soups.

Amber is obtained by adding grated carrot to the stock; red, by using tomatoes without the skins and seeds. Spinach leaves pounded, and the juice expressed and added to the soup, will give a green colour. For brown soup, use either burnt sugar or burnt onions, and add to the stock. (Reply to ADMIRER.)

When Linen has Turned Yellow,

cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it for half an hour; then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water, wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

Spring Flowers in Winter.

If you gather now, some twigs and shoots of apple and cherry-trees and keep them in a glass of water in a sunny window, you will soon see the tiny buds swell, become green, and in time bloom. Another delightful study of possibilities is to bring a winter's clod of earth from some wood or hedge-row that you know of as flower-beset in spring and summer. Place the clod in a flat earthen dish, water it daily, give it as much sun, warmth, and care as you can, and watch the result. You will have the pleasure of seeing the gradual growth of one tiny green thing after another, and of speculating as to what it will be eventually.

German Pot Roast.

Select a good tender piece of either beef or mutton, veal and pork can also be nicely roasted in the same way; place in your iron saucepan or pot one good tablespoonful of lard, half as much butter, and an onion cut fine; let the onion fry to a light brown and put in your meat after having washed, dried, and salted it. Put the cover on and let it stand until it is pretty well browned, then add water, unless in danger of burning; add only enough water from time to time to keep it from burning, turn it frequently so that it may brown on all sides. When tender, it will come forth brown and juicy. Just before serving see that there is enough water in for gravy, or if there is not you can take out the roast, add enough hot water, and then pour it over the meat.

Useful Hints.

Washing marble fireplaces will in time destroy the polish. After the dust is wiped off, rub the spots with an oiled cloth, then rub dry with a soft rag. Lemons can be kept a long time in good condition if put into a jar filled with cold water and kept covered; keep in a cool place and change the water every day. Three-pence worth of spirits of salt put into a kettle will remove the fur. Keep away from the fumes that rise. Rinse out twice, boil out with soda, and the vessel will be fit for use. To effectually prevent screws from becoming fixed and rusted, you should make a mixture of graphite and oil, which will facilitate the tightening of them up, reducing the friction in the sockets, and protecting them for years from rust. The best duster with which to clean carved furniture is a new paint brush; you can remove absolutely all the dust with it. For cleaning brass ware the best thing is to use bath brick, pulverised. Rub it on vigorously with a coarse, damp cloth. Whiting applied dry is also good. Isinglass is a most delicate starch for fine muslins. When boiling common starch, sprinkle in a little fine salt; it will prevent its sticking. Some use sugar.



[CLOSES SATURDAY WEEK.]

LADIES' WORK COMPETITION.

We offer Prizes to the value of TEN POUNDS for competition among our lady readers. The various articles which are sent to compete for these Prizes, will, after the awards have been decided, be either returned to their senders, or distributed among Societies which exist for the purpose of assisting the deserving poor, regardless of sect. If senders wish their articles to be returned to them, they should enclose sufficient stamps for that purpose. Articles which win prizes will naturally be disposed of to charitable institutions.

The following are the articles for the best of which prizes will be awarded, and the value of the latter:—

	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.
1. COTTON NIGHT-DRESS—Full woman's size	20/-	10/-
2. FLANNEL PETTICOAT—Full woman's size, no tucks	15/-	7/6
3. KNITTED WOOLLEN STOCKINGS—Man's or woman's size	20/-	10/-
4. COTTON CHEMISE—Full woman's size	12/6	7/6
5. MAN'S FLANNEL SHIRT	20/-	10/-
6. HOOD FOR CHILD UNDER SIX—Made of woollen material	15/-	7/6

Special Prizes for Young Readers.

	Prize.
7. CHILD'S WOOLLEN FROCK—Suitable for children between 3 and 6 (Under 12 years of age.)	20/- 10/-
8. KNITTED OR CROCHETED WOOLLEN SCARF	10/- 5/-

All garments should be made plainly, and of warm and serviceable material. Nos. 1 and 4 may be worked either by hand or by machine. The rest must be done by hand only, and garments must not be washed before being sent in.

Name and address of sender must be stitched on to each garment; and, with each, must be a certificate stating that it is the unaided work of the sender.

All competitions must be sent before Feb. 23, to

ISOBEL,
Offices of Pearson's Weekly,
Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

The work of adjudication will be assisted if garments are sent in as soon as possible, instead of being kept until the close of the Competition.

EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS "HARLENE."

FOR STRENGTHENING, BEAUTIFYING, AND IMPARTING A LOVELY ODOUR TO THE HAIR.

**WORLD
HAIR PRODUCER**

**Positively Stops the Hair
from Falling.**

**EDWARDS'
INSTANTANEOUS HARLENE
POSITIVELY FORCES
LADIES' HAIR,**

**OR
Whiskers and Moustachios**

To grow heavily in a few weeks without injury
to the skin, and no matter at what age.

**THE WORLD-RENOVED REMEDY
FOR BALDNESS**

From whatever cause arising. As a Producer of
WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

It has never been equalled. As a curer of
Weak and Thin Eyelashes,

OR RESTORING GREY HAIR

To its Original Colour, never falls.

1/4, 2/6, 3/6, and 5/6 per bottle, from Chemists, Hair-
dressers and Perfumers everywhere, or sent direct, free
from observation, on receipt of 1/4, 2/10, 3/11, and 6/-,
P.O. preferred.

Testimonials, also a valuable treatise on the Cultiva-
tion of Hair and some extraordinary facts of the
efficaciousness of the HARLENE, forwarded post
free on application.

PHYSICIANS AND ANALYSTS PROMOUNCE IT TO BE
PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DEVOID OF ANY METALLIC
OR OTHER INJURIOUS INGREDIENT.

A Dressing in place of Oils or Pomades,
which Injure and Destroy the Hair.

B. F. EDWARDS & CO., 5, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.



**RENOWNED
AND RESTORER**

**Positively Produces Long
Flowing Hair.**

TESTIMONIALS.

46, Hauldworth Street, Glasgow, Jan. 16, 1889.
Dear Sir,—Yours is indeed a wonderful discovery. I
have used one bottle, and can detect an improvement
already. Please send another bottle.
W. A. RUDSTEAD.

Buckholt, Monmouth, Jan. 18, 1889.
Will Mr. Edwards please send another bottle of Harlene
to enclosed address. The effect it has had upon the growth
of my hair is marvellous, as well as eyebrows.
R. S. MASON.

4, Hyde Park Mansions, Jan. 4, 1889.
Miss Prince has found a great change in her hair since
using the Harlene. Please send another bottle.

Market Square, Wellingborough, March 8, 1888.
Sir,—My mother has found great benefit from the use
of your Harlene. Please send another bottle.
M. WILLIAMSON.

**SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF
"PEARSON'S WEEKLY."**

5/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3/-

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of
PEARSON'S WEEKLY who sends us this Coupon,
with a postal order for 3s. and 6d. to cover
postage, package, &c., one regular 5s. 6d. bottle
of Edwards' Instantaneous HARLENE, provided
it is ordered within one month from date
of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the
purpose of making our speciality more widely
known without expending enormous sums in
advertising, feeling sure that once having tried
HARLENE you will never give up its use for
any other preparation. By this offer the public
reap the benefit. Address all orders with
Coupon, as below.—Dated Jan. 24, 1891.

C O U P O N

C O U P O N

ACESMA FOR GREY HAIR

Silver threads amongst the gold
Make a youthful face look old;
And with many a grey lock
Are most serious stumbling blocks:
Whether asking Cupid's favour,
Or when seeking honest labour;
Brown and black locks win the day
Over those whose hair is grey.

A harmless vegetable Extract in One Liquid.
Clear and perfectly odourless. Contains no
Lead or other poison! Suitable alike for Grey
Hair, Whiskers, or Eyelashes. Does not
interfere with the curling of Ladies' Fringes.
Produces any shade, from light brown to
black.

DR. E. PFAFF, M.D., the celebrated German Specialist and
Microscopist, says:

"This preparation gives the hair a beautiful brown colour, true to nature. It is also
suitable for grey whiskers or the beard. The colour produced is fast, and does not come off.
The application need only be repeated after some weeks elapse, with very little trouble. Unlike
hair dyes containing nitrate of silver, it does not act injuriously on the hair, or produce
unnatural tints. I have never known hair, treated with this strain, to suffer in the least, but
am of opinion that it assists the growth of the hair in a remarkable manner."

ACESMA is sold in Bottles at 2s. 9d., double size 5s.,
secretly per parcel post, from the sole Proprietor,

O. E. HORN, Hair Specialist

(from the Berlin Skin Hospital), Newport, Isle of Wight.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DESTROYED WITH HORN'S HAIR SOLVENT.

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK.)

"This invention is different from other depilatories, as it contains neither Quicklime, Acid,
nor any other burning or hurtful substance. One application completely removes hair, and
when only superficially implanted they will not grow again. It has no effect upon the skin
whatever, and being a clear liquid is easily applied."—The Court Journal, August 16th, 1890.

A LADY DOCTOR'S OPINION:

Dr. MARY HANSEN, M.D., writes, in Woman, Nov. 20th, 1890:—"Mr. Horn, Newport, I.V.,
sent me a sample of his 'Hair Solvent,' and not being afflicted with a superfluous growth, I
tried it on my arm. It certainly has the merit of completely removing the hairs, without leaving
the slightest mark or any trace of its use."

TESTIMONIALS.

(The originals can be seen at my residence.)

"I found your Hair Restorer wonderful in removing hair from a friend's face. It is the
best I ever had, I like it very much."

"Please send me a bottle of your Liquid Depilatory. I find it all that can be desired."

"I received your bottle of Hair Restorer, and am much pleased with the result."

"Miss H. has received the Liquid Hair Restorer. She has tried it, and finds it very good
indeed."

Sent secretly packed for 2s. 9d. or 4s. 9d.

**O. E. HORN, Specialist in Diseases of the Hair,
NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.**

NEW SIGNS.

ENAMELLED COPPER LETTERS.

61, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Advertising upon the walls of railway stations and other public
places has now become so general that we may well be thankful for
the extent to which it is carried out with good taste and really artistic
effect. Sometimes our eyes are offended by what is objectionable both
in style and execution; but this is by no means the case so often as
might be expected, considering the vast number of such advertise-
ments that are continually arresting our attention, and some of these
are much more than really pleasing to the eye; they are real works of
art, and tend to educate the public in the principles of art, as well as
inform them of the competition that is going on in the business world.

Amongst these advertisements few are more frequently seen or
more generally recognised as pleasing and effective than those executed
by the Enamelled Copper Letter Company as above; whilst ordinary
advertisements, however striking and beautiful to begin with, soon
become dingy and dull, and require frequent renewal, those in which
these Enamelled Copper Letters are employed are always bright,
distinct, and pleasant to look upon. Their colours are never washed
out or faded, they never become cracked, broken, or disfigured, and
need only to be occasionally washed with clean water in order to
become as bright as at the very first. They are applicable to almost
every kind of advertisement, and to innumerable purposes in connection
with public announcements, signs, and the like. They were no sooner
introduced than they came into general favour, and their popularity
has been increasing year by year, so that now the demand for them is
enormous.

These Letters, or, as our French contemporary, the COURIER DE
LONDRES ET DE L'EUROPE, justly designates them, "brilliant enamels,"
are unalterable and insensible to changes of weather or climate. We
need scarcely say that they are provided in every needful variety for
facias, signs, tablets for tradesmen's windows, and, in fact, for every
conceivable purpose. The Company also supply Enamelled Iron for
Signs, Advertising, and Lettered Tablets of every description. The
business address is 61, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and 34, Gray's
Inn Road.

LATEST FRENCH NOVELTY CHILDREN'S PETS BROOCHES.

10d.
EACH.
Post Free
11d.



THREE CATS, separate bodies, moulded and chased in
high-class style, as One Brooch (with safety pin). Dogs
(Greyhound or Retriever), Goats, Rabbits, also as Brooches,
in same style and at like prices.

Three posted for 2/6. Six posted for 4/9.
Extra heavily Silvered or Silverwhite-metal, 1/9 each.
Enamelled in natural colours, 2/6 each.

A Single Cat, or other animal, on jointed pin as Hair Orna-
ment, post free 9d. Ditto, with ring, as Charm, 9d.

CO-OPERATIVE JEWELLERS' ASSOCIATION,
78, Vyse Street, Birmingham.
The Cheapest House in the world for Good Jewellery.

SOLID HALL-MARKED GOLD AND SILVER CHAINS

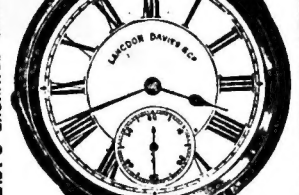
patterns Curb, Fette, and Ring, &c., 11 oz. or heavier, by weight
(work included), 18-carat 77/-, 9-carat 44/-, Silver 5/9 1/2 oz.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER WATCH

19s.

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LADY'S ENGRAVED CASE



GENTS—A LARGER SIZE

Wonderful Timekeeper.
Genuine silver case, crystal plate glass, six
jewels, post free. Written warranty. Full
particulars, and remarkable testimonials in our

Splendid New Catalogue
elegantly illustrated with 1,100 engravings,
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Special English Lever, £3 10s.
Capped and Jewelled. Marvellous Value.
A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

The "Knockabout" Watch, 7s. 9d.
Not a small clock, nor a toy, but a marvellous
and genuine watch; guaranteed.

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Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-
marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Large Silver
Brooch, 10d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's
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genuine silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 2s. Gold
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electro-plate, and cutlery. Every pattern
illustrated. Send post card for catalogue.

G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
Belgrave House, Bristol Street, Birmingham.
WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

M. makes us a positive promise of glorious immortality if we take up the cudgels against those fond mothers and fathers who are continually sounding the praises of their own children. Our correspondent alleges that no topic of conversation is either so common, or so deeply uninteresting to members of the community who are not fortunate enough to be the parents of the prodigies alluded to.

—Here is a way in which readers can, in an unobtrusive manner, advertise the paper, render themselves agreeable to the majority of their friends, and assist us in gaining the distinction which "M." so kindly guarantees. Let them, when anyone begins to dilate upon the perfections of their offspring, say, "No, I cannot enter into that subject. I am one of the readers of *Pearson's*, and we never do."

A. M. C. C. promises that if we will forward a subscription to the funds of a cricket club of which he is secretary, he and the rest of the members will in every way endeavour to extend the sale of the paper during the coming summer. —This correspondent has not informed us of the amount which he expects the subscription to reach, and he does not give any definite particulars as to the services which the members will render to the paper. If they would all of them plaster their bats with our gummed labels, and dub themselves "The Peripatetic Pearsonites," we might be disposed to make some handsome offer.

EXILE writes: "I get an occasional copy of your paper out here (in Pennsylvania U.S.A.), and I thought you might like to hear of an advertising idea which struck me as being more novel than any of those mentioned in an article you have in the last number to hand. An insurance agent in this district is in the habit of engaging a number of pretty girls and driving them through the streets in an open waggon on the sides of which are painted the words, 'The men we marry must insure in the ——— Company.' ——— This is certainly a novelty in the way of advertising. We think of improving upon it by chartering a number of vans to drive through the main streets of the principal towns in this country, laden with pretty girls, and inscribed with the legend, 'The men who want to marry us must never omit to insure themselves for a thousand pounds when railway travelling by purchasing *Pearson's Weekly*.'"

T. T. asks:—"Supposing it were possible to sink a shaft straight through the earth, and a man fell in at this end, where would he stop falling? I say he would stop when he got to whatever part of Australia is exactly underneath us. One of my friends says he would not, but he cannot express any authoritative opinion as to where he would stop." —The question is rather a curious one. We make out that, after a good deal of bobbing up and down, the gentleman who stepped into this little hole would find himself stationary in the exact centre of the earth. The force of gravity would pull him back after he had passed this point, and would alternately impel him beyond it one side and the other until at last he came to rest there.

G. writes to inform B. B., who sent us an account of a curious collection of tin tacks, which he had allowed to accumulate in his interior, that he is mistaken in imagining that these still remain in their pristine condition. G. asserts that the digestive juices will have attacked and dissolved the nails which B. B. permitted to slip down his gullet. —We hope such a crumb of comfort will not lead any other subscribers to emulate B. B.'s curious collection. Practices of this kind cannot fail to be most dangerous.

ONE WHO KNOWS writes to thank us on behalf of all railway servants for discouraging the practices of those who collect tickets. Our correspondent asserts that he has known cases in which honest railway servants have been discharged from their situations on account of shortage in the tickets which they ought to have collected, and which, by some trick or another, have been kept back in the manner alluded to by the correspondent who wrote under the nom-de-plume of MEDICUS the other day. We hope that this assertion may have the effect of still further discouraging the silly practice.

SNAIL-EATER.—In one of the early numbers of the paper we published a letter from a gentleman who had similar tastes in diet to yours. We brought down, however, upon our heads such an amount of wrath from readers who are more conservative in their habits of eating, that we do not feel disposed to repeat the experiment in your case.

PNEUMATIC.—We agree with you to a certain extent, but your denunciation of hobbies is rather too sweeping. Some men may neglect their business for their hobbies, to the detriment of the former, but the number who do this must be very small. Such feckless folk would be likely to get on badly anyhow. A stray case or two of this kind should not, we think, be allowed to carry too much weight.

REPLIES ABOUT OUR ENGAGED COUPLE PRIZE.

L. J. R.—Both the young lady and the young gentleman can obtain coupons. We do not in the least intend it to be supposed that this offer is confined to either one of them. There is no reason whatever why competitors should not canvass the paper by going round and getting orders on behalf of a news-agent.

J.—We cannot say what chance you and your fiancée will have of being the winners if you send between twenty and thirty coupons a week. However, you may be quite sure of the fact that if no one sends more than you do the £100 will be yours. If the greatest number of coupons received on behalf of any couple during the time for which the offer is open should turn out to be only a dozen, that dozen will entitle some lucky pair to receive the money.

M. S.—The rules must be kept. There are very few, and they are so simple that any child should be able to understand them. We particularly explain in the conditions the reason that we have for insisting upon the fact that every one who fills in a coupon should have purchased the paper from which it is taken.

S. S.—We do not lay down any stipulation that the lucky couple have to get married by a certain time. We shall request the Rev. J. J. Septimus Pennington to pass the £100 over to the manager of their local bank, to be held in trust by him until they are married. In the event of their engagement being broken off, the money would pass to the couple on behalf of whom the second largest number of coupons had been sent.

S. T.—The money will, if you win it, be yours absolutely, and can be spent in any way that you consider may accentuate your connubial bliss.

W. G. H.—Certainly a person may vote for an engaged couple every week, so long as he does not record two votes in the same week. The couple may also vote for themselves under the same conditions.

WENLOCK.—There is nothing in the regulations to lead to the supposition that only one coupon should be sent to us in each envelope that comes to hand. We should be foolish indeed to make a regulation which imposed so much needless expense upon competitors as this would, and one which also gave us a great deal of unnecessary trouble. We hope that those who go in for the £100 will send goodly batches of coupons along, and will forward them weekly or fortnightly, so that the work of counting may be proceeded with as the competition goes on.

H. M.—The Rev. J. J. Septimus Pennington writes to say that he has lodged the £100 which he holds from us in Messrs. Twinings' Bank, and that he holds a formal receipt from them for it.

J. O. B.—We have not the smallest objection to a couple becoming engaged for the purpose of entering our competition, if they feel so inclined.

W. S.—So long as the purchaser of a copy fills in his or her name and address and those of the newsagent from whom the copy was bought, the rest of the coupon may be filled in by the persons most interested.

Our registered telegraphic address is *Humoursome, London*. We are led to impart this valuable information owing to the enormous number of telegrams that have come to hand from the readers who thought that they had detected the error which we purposely made in last week's account of THE DAILY CHRONICLE. As to the letters that have reached us from people who are anxious to acquire one of the pencil-cases offered, it can only be said that their name is legion. The mistake was that in the word "judged" the "e" was from what is technically called "the wrong fount;" that is to say, it was a size smaller than the rest of the letters. We have repeated the error here. Look at the word carefully, and you will see that this is so. Pencil-cases have been despatched to the first fifty readers who "spotted" this. Up to the time of going to press with this issue, it has been detected by nearly a hundred persons. The majority of the people who wired or wrote said that the apostrophe in readers' was misplaced, but the word was intended to be plural possessive, and was quite correct. A great many others thought that "point" should have been "points," but the context shows that there was no mistake here. We purposely made a mistake which was not easy to detect, by way of showing how sharp a look-out a proof-reader must keep.

O. M.—We do not know of "any editor of a popular paper who makes a practice of reading all the way through every manuscript submitted to him." If we did know of such an individual, we certainly should not take the public into our confidence. To do so would probably bring the S.P.C.A. officials down upon us. No such man, even if he worked twenty hours a day, could possibly read every word that was sent him in manuscript. As a general rule, manuscripts sent to popular papers are weeded by other members of the staff before they reach the editor, and even these do not read every word that comes to them. There is no reason why they should. A large proportion of the articles that reach the offices of every periodical are unsuitable on the face of them, relating as they do to subjects which have been discussed before in the columns of the paper, to matters which are not admitted there, or to questions of little interest to the general public.

H. W.—We really must leave you to find out for yourself which kind of question is most likely to be accepted. A hint that may not be thrown away on yourself and other senders of queries is that we do not care to insert questions which interest only a limited number of readers, such, for instance, as those relating to particular towns. The object we keep in view is to render the page headed QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING as readable and generally interesting as possible.

We regret to find that there were two or three slight inaccuracies in last week's article regarding the production of THE DAILY CHRONICLE. We credited the editor, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, with ten more years of life than he is entitled to. He was born at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, March 30, 1841, and has, consequently, not yet celebrated his jubilee. In addition to the other members of the regular editorial staff, we should have mentioned two dramatic critics, and fifteen regular reporters, while the number of sub-editors is nine and not twelve as we stated. These trifling mis-statements arose from the fact that Mr. Fletcher's corrected proofs did not reach us until the day after we had gone to press with the article.

We regret to learn the prize story which appeared in our issue for week ending January 31, under the title A GRAND LADY, was originally contributed by Re Henry to HOME CHIMES. Had we been aware of this fact, we should have cheerfully acknowledged it when the story was published, for in cases where the Prize is given to a story which is not original, we have no hesitation in crediting the author with it. It is only honest to do so.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Glad that you were "caught" by the paid distribution. We hope that many besides yourself have become regular readers owing to the work that was done on Saturday, February 7th. We have reports from the majority of the workers, which show that they carried out their agreements in a very thorough and painstaking fashion.

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

	s.	d.
One Year.....	8	8
Half Year	4	4
Three Months.....	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.
Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Back Numbers can always be obtained.

Printed for the Proprietors, and published by them at Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Director's Bistry, St. Clement Daines, W.C. Jan 27, 1891

My dear Sir.

I have much pleasure in acceding to your request which has no other object than the benefit of society. Will you therefore kindly notify in your next issue of *Pearson's Weekly* that you have forwarded me a cheque for £100 which I shall hold in trust until your "Engaged Couple" competition is at an end, when I shall hand it over to the winners? Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

J. J. H. Septimus Pennington

To the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Director of St. Clement Daines, Westminster

CLARK'S GLYCOLA.
NEITHER STICKY NOR GREASY.
FOR CHAPPED & CRACKED HANDS, ROUGH-
NESS OF THE SKIN, SUNBURN, &c.
PRESERVE OPINIONS.
"Queen."—We prefer it to any other.
Ladies' "Picorial."—Very efficacious,
softens the face and hands so pleasantly soft.
Weldon's Journal.—A cleanly, econo-
mic, and excellent preparation, for it does
what it professes to do, and keeps the skin
soft and supple.
A bottle in daily use lasts 3 months, a 1s.
bottle 6 months. In bottles 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.
from all chemists, or Post free for 9d., 1s. 3d.,
and 2s. 6d.

GLYCOLA SOAP.
FOR TOILET, BATH, & NURSERY.
Is superfatted, containing a judicious per-
centage of "Glycola" with no free Soda or
Potash. Produces a creamy s-floeting lather
and a velvety feeling after washing.
Prevents and allays all skin irritations. Price
6d. per tablet, 1s. 6d. per box, Post 1s. 9d.
Reject all substitutes, and insist upon having
GLYCOLA & GLYCOLA SOAP.
Wholesale Agents—
Messrs. Barclay & Sons, 95, Farringdon St.,
May, Roberts, & Co., 9, Clerkenwell Road.
SOLE MAKER AND PROPRIETOR,
T. R. CLARK,
THE LABORATORY, CROUCH END, N.

WATCH CLUBS.
ADDITIONAL AGENTS WANTED.
Foremen, Timekeepers, and others should
write to the CITY OF LONDON WATCH
CLUB CO. for their new Price List. 1,000
Illustrations. Best Terms. Grand Value.
H. E. PECK,
8, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS.
Gent's Four-fold all pure Linen Collars, 4s. 6d. and
6s. 6d. per dozen. 8s. 6d. WHITE SHIRT, Linen
Pittings, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
each. DINNER NAPKINS, 4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d.
per dozen.
2 yards square, 2s. 11d. each. Real Irish Linen
SHEETING, full y-bow-head, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d.
per yard. HUCKABACK TOWELS, 4s. 6d. per
dozen.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTH.
Ladies' Size, 2s. 8d. per dozen; Hemstitched, 2s. 11d. per dozen; Gent's Size, 3s. 6d. per
dozen; Hemstitch, 4s. 11d. per dozen.
IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
All pure Wool. Unsurpassed for strength, durability, and style. New
patterns now ready. G. R. HUTTON & CO., LAMME, BELFAST.
IRISH TWEEDS. All pure Wool. Unsurpassed for strength, durability, and style. New
patterns now ready. G. R. HUTTON & CO., LAMME, BELFAST.
SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS FREE TO ALL PARTS. All parcels over 10s. sent
Carriage Paid.

Towle's
Pennyroyal Steel Pills
FOR FEMALES
Quickly correct all irregulari-
ties, remove all obstructions
and relieve the distressing
symptoms so prevalent with the
sex. Boxes 1s. 11d. and
2s. 9d. of all Chemists, or will
be sent anywhere on receipt of
15 or 34 stamps by the maker,
E. T. TOWLE, Chemist,
NOTTINGHAM.
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REVOLUTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY.
FOR ONE SHILLING. FOR ONE SHILLING.
PATENT No 15,460.
A complete Camera and all working materials, comprising:—Portable Camera, Instantaneous
Lenses, Focusing Slide, Dark Slide, Six Rapid Dry Plates, and Developing and Fixing Solutions;
also Pamphlet how to photograph. Packed in strong box and sent carriage paid to any
part of the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for 1s. 8d. This is admitted to be the
greatest wonder of the day.
DAVIS & Co., 32, Lord Street, Liverpool.
(WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER.)

VALUABLE HINTS
Specially worth reading by EVERY
PERSON DESIROUS OF PRODUCING
WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS, Cur-
ling Baldness, Re-producing Hair on Bald
Patches and Scanty Partings, Strengthen-
ing Weak Hair, and Preventing its falling.
With the above will also be included
particulars of the most perfect means of
Restoring Grey or White Hair to original
colour, and some remarks upon the use
of Pomades. Sent by Post, secure from
observation and Free of Charge, to every
reader of "Pearson's Weekly," upon
sending name and address to
JOHN LATREILLE,
No. 11 (Adv. Dept.), Foxley Rd., Brixton, London, S.W. (28 years at Walworth & Kennington.)

RUBBER STAMPS.
Your Monogram to mark
Linen or Paper: Two letters,
1s.; Three letters, 1s. 6d.; any
Name, 1s. 6d. Box, Pad, and
Ink included. All kinds of
Stamps. Patterns Free. Car-
riage 2d. extra. Agents
Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money
returned. This is no fraud or given away
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£20
TO TOBACCONISTS COM-
MENCING. Jewellers, Sta-
tioners, &c. An Aid, Guide
(18 pp., 3d.) How to open a
Clear Store, £20 to £1,000. T. W.
Tobaccoists' Overviews Co.
(Regd.), 188, Euston Rd., London
N.W. A Prospectus on the
other Trade. (Free.) Mgr.,
Mr. Myers, Est. 1880.

ECONOMIC COOKERY.
A Useful Work, should be
in Every House.
Gratis and Post Free from
Fredk. King & Co., Ltd., Camomile St.,
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GIVEN AWAY
WITH EVERY 6d. AND 1s. BOTTLE OF
CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD
MEDAL MARKING INK.
requiring no heating. A Voucher entitling
Purchasers to their name or Monogram Rubber
Stamp for Marking Linen or Paper. Awarded
44 Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Royal Appoint-
ments. Caution! The Original and Genuine
has the Trade-Mark "Crystal Palace." Refuse
all fraudulent imitations. Works, 75, South-
gate Road, London, N. Your Nickel Silver
Pen and Pencil Case, name in Rubber, 7d.
Post free.

EARN MONEY
Write for full particulars,
also Sample Pen and Pencil
Stamp free. Liberal Terms.
Steady income assured.
REPLY Dept.,
44, Snow Hill, London.
Business Men Buy
SELL'S TELEGRAPHIC
CODE.

Robinson's Competitions!
Among the PRIZES are one of
FIFTY POUNDS STERLING, AND AN £82 AMERICAN ORGAN
(Guaranteed for Ten Years.)
New Prizes Every Week!
Send 1d. for current issue of the "Blyth Examiner," containing fullest information.
ROBINSON BROTHERS, Proprietors, "Examiner," Blyth, Northumberland.
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR
THE "BLYTH EXAMINER,"
The Great Prize Paper.
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HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE.
This can be obtained, and illness cured, by acting up to the advice given in Dr. ALLINSON'S
BOOK OF HEALTH. Rheumatism, Consumption, Digestion, Fits, Chills, Eczema, and
other Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Varicose Veins, Deafness,
Worms, Leanness, Stoutness, Fevers, Bloodlessness, Bad Legs, Flatulence, Tumours, Colds,
Hay-Fever, Hypochondria, Baldness, &c., are plainly described and their cure expounded in
this work. It tells how to Bear Children, How to Live to Become 100 Years Old, and How to
Become Beautiful and Attractive. The heavy bills of doctors are saved by following the
advice given in the book. A house is incomplete without it, and no one can afford to be
without it. Sent Post Free for 7s. 7d. by Dr. T. R. Allinson, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester
Square, London, W.
Money Saved is Money Earned.
BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS, the most USEFUL INVENTION of modern times, required by
every GENTLEMAN, is SOOEN'S PATENT TROUSER BOTTOMS PROTECTOR.
(See Press Opinions.)
Fixed on the Trousers at heel, prevents mud, fraying and wear, not
noticeable while worn; fixed or removed instantly, will last for years and
saves endless wear, time, and trouble.
Made in two patterns, spring clip or spring pin, and finished in four
colours, black, blue, brown, and white. Price 1s. per pair, in ordering state
colour and pattern required to the inventor PHILIP SOOEN, NESTON,
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Street Works, Birmingham, and all Tailors, Drapers, and Hosiery.
Wholesale lists on receipt of trade card. Please mention this paper.

GOLDSTEIN'S
CELEBRATED GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES.
Obtained a GOLD MEDAL at the International Exhibition, London, 1884. Antwerp, 1885. Paris, 1889.
A MEAN GIFT IS NO GIFT.
£1,000 (ONE THOUSAND POUNDS) £1,000
BUT A PRESENT OF
IS INDEED A
ROYAL DONATION.
This £1,000 I have actually given away, and am now increasing the gift by presenting, free of charge, the 9th Edition
of my Catalogue (now ready), containing 3,000 Testimonials, and Engravings of New and Fashionable Watches and
Jewellery of every description, for 1891. It is a Work of Art, the Engravings being by those well-known artists,
Aldridge and Tibby, R.A. This Catalogue has cost over £1,000 to produce. Send your name and address from any
part of the world, and a copy will be sent gratis and post free.
ONE VISIT TO MY NEW AND HANDSOME PREMISES.
or one glance at the Catalogue will convince you that the
WORLD-RENOVED CHEMICAL DIAMOND & ELECTRIC GOLD JEWELLERY (REGISTERED)
IS MATCHLESS. The diamonds are Crystals of Marvellous Lustre and Hardness, and cannot be detected from the genuine article.
Experienced judges deceived. They will stand all acids and heat. Can be mounted at the side of Real Gems without fear of detection, and
can be worn by the most fastidious person with confidence. The Electric Gold is the same Rich Colour throughout the entire metal, and is
guaranteed equal to Real Gold. Everyone pleased. Money returned if not approved.

Diamond Pin of great lustre. 1/8	equal to 20 guinea Diamond. Guaranteed undetectable. Post Free, 1s. 4d.	REAL GOLD, 5/-
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FOR SIZE OF FINGER CUT HOLE IN PIECE OF CARD.

FIVE PEARL HALF HOOP, undetectable from 20 Guinea Ring. Most mar- vellous offer ever made. Post Free, 1s. 4d.	Diamond or Mixed Stone Gipsy Ring, very neat and pretty. Post Free, 3s. 6d. Gent's ditto, 2s. 9d.	"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly send three four Pendants for watch chain? I bought Watch and Chain in MARCH, 1888, and I want Electric Gold, the same as those then had. "R. H. RAPSON." "Aldington, Evesham, July 8, 1890. "Dear Sir,—My customer was delighted with the Watch. He did not expect anything so good for the money.—Yours truly, C. FIELD (Agent)." "11, High Street, Dombarton. "July 19, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I received the goods in due course. The chain is elegant, and the watch surpassing at the price. "R. C. STRACHAN." "Crofton, Wakefield, June 20, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I am well satisfied with the 8s. 6d. Watch received from you.—Yours truly, H. STEELE." "Kiel, Southend, Campbelltown, "July 31, 1890. "Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the Watch and Brooch. I never saw anything to equal the Watch at the price, and shall be glad to answer any enquiries.—Yours truly, F. AVERY." THE NOVELTY. LADIES' ELECTRIC GOLD KEYLESS HALF HUNTER. Plain or Engraved Cases, Small, Round, Oval, or Square Dial, Jewelled Movement. A pretty and original style, 27s. 6d. Post free, 28s. LADIES' ELECTRIC GOLD OPEN FACE KEYLESS WATCH. Jewelled in 4 holes. Case, Jewelled in 8 holes. Price 20s. Post free, 20s. 6d.
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TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

WHAT WE ARE PREPARED TO DO.

We are Prepared to Supply 1,000,000 of the General Public with Samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, Gratis and Post Free.

We are Prepared to Pay Postage thereon (1,000,000 at 1d.), value £4,166 18s. 4d.

A Word of Advice.

Don't write for the samples simply because we offer them free of charge, nor because your neighbour does. Read our advertisement through to the end, and then decide whether you or yours need or would be benefited by the use of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets. We do not pose as philanthropists. This is a business offer. We have an article that we know from severe tests and from results achieved will sell on its merits, if seen, tasted, and tested. Sulphur is the oldest, the best, and safest remedy for the blood, for the skin, for the complexion, for rheumatism, and for constipation. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are composed of sulphur incorporated with cream of tartar and other curative ingredients. They are much more efficacious than sulphur in milk or treacle. This has been proved time and again. They are liked. Men favour them, women hail them as a boon, and children think them as pleasant to eat as confectionery. They benefit all, and are as efficacious and curative as they are safe and agreeable.

Why do we Give the Samples?

This is what people ask us. We reply. Because those who write for the samples afterwards buy packets of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets by post from us, or obtain them from Chemists, Stores, or Medicine Vendors. People likewise recommend and keep the Tablets by them. The consequence is that we sell several hundred dozen packets weekly, and the sale is rapidly growing. This is trade by merit. The public have shown discrimination, and that they can appreciate merit, and it was in firm reliance that this would be the case that we were led to incur this risk.

Sole Proprietors, **FRAZER & CO., No. 11, LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.**

Do I need them?

If you have Rheumatism, Yes. They will kill the decomposed and poisonous excess of uric acid in the blood, causing the disease.

If you have Constipation, Yes. They are a gentle, safe, and simple laxative, as suitable for children (in smaller doses) as for adults.

If you have Hæmorrhoids, Yes. They relieve the congestion of venous blood at the affected parts, and afford relief.

If you have Ulcers, Scrofula, Scurvy, or other Impurities of the Blood, Yes. They neutralise the blood-poisons causing the diseases, and expel them out of the system.

If you have Skin Disease or Eruption, Yes. They have a specific curative effect on all such, as they open the pores from internally, and free them from obstruction and disease taint. They likewise "scotch" where they do not kill the disease principle from the blood which causes Eczema and other diseases.

Test them free of Charge.

Test them free of Charge.

Write us a letter or postcard, naming "Pearson's Weekly," and we will send you samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, gratis and post free. They are for internal use for the Blood, Skin, Complexion, Rheumatism, and Constipation. They are put up in Packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free, 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by most Chemists and Medicine Vendors.



THEOBALD'S Great Genuine Sale previous to removal to larger premises.

SEWING MACHINES GIVEN AWAY.
A Great Company in Liquidation. Last Few Hundreds now Selling.

THE CELEBRATED BONETA SEWING MACHINES.

UNPARALLELED OFFER.
2,000 Sold in Three Weeks. Hundreds of Testimonials from Delighted Purchasers. Send stamped envelope for Testimonials and Specimens of Work.

A Splendid Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine complete for 6s. 6d. carriage free. A chance of a century. Owing to the failure of this great company, we have been enabled to buy up 5,000 of their BEST QUALITY SEWING MACHINES at 75 per cent. under proper price, and thus to sell a practical Family Sewing Machine at less price than is asked for a toy chain-stitch machine. Sewing Machine makers aghast and paralysed at our selling machines for 6s. 6d. which work as well as theirs at £10! Once this lot is sold, no more can be had. We could not make them at a guinea each. These machines are suitable for either finest or coarsest work. No catch-penny advertisement. The biggest bargain ever offered. Call a day and see them. Each machine silver-plated. All orders must be sent within 25 days. Coupon must be cut out and sent with each order. A Complete, Thorough, Practical, Lock-Stitch Shuttle Sewing Machine, carriage free, 6s. 6d.; Two for 12s. 6d.; Three for 18s. Extra Needle, 1s. per dozen. Oil, 6d. Never another chance like this. The machines were obliged to be sold by the Official Liquidator at any price offered, so as to close the estate, hence this price. There is an enormous loss on every machine sold.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY ORDER FORM
Entitles Holder to ONE BONETA
MACHINE for 6s. 6d., if sent within
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